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Weeds from the Pope's Garden.

IN an article published in the last number of *THE MONTH*, an account was given of the form for the reception of converts into the Church of England, which, drawn up, as it was, in 1714, by the two Houses of Convocation, seemed to throw into strong relief the difference between the doctrinal standpoint of High Churchmen of the eighteenth century and that of High Churchmen of to-day. To that article I have now to offer a sequel, dealing not so much with the form itself, as with those for whose use it was intended. To discuss the character of modern converts to Anglicanism, would be both a difficult and a delicate task—difficult, because no sort of information seems to be forthcoming about them, delicate, because no one would wish to speak unkindly of those still living, or recently deceased. But in the case of converts who died more than a hundred years ago, no such scruple need be felt. They have no surviving friends to be sensitive about them, and while it is probable that the motives which lead men to desert the Catholic Church for a rival communion do not greatly change from epoch to epoch, we are able, across a broad interval of time, to estimate evidence more calmly. What is more, the history of some of the proselytes who joined the Church of England in the early years of the eighteenth century, will be found, I think, to suggest the explanation to a rather puzzling enigma, to give the reason, in other words, why the form of reconciliation just referred to, which attracted so much interest in 1714, should have been suddenly dropped like a hot potato, and suffered to lie in complete neglect until the year of grace, 1890. To supply such an explanation, is at any rate one of my principal objects in recurring to the subject.

When the Elector of Hanover was summoned to this country on the death of Queen Anne, in the latter part of 1714, there crossed over from Holland, about the same time, a certain Francis de la Pilloniere, whose avowed object in this change of

abode was to find preferment in England. Mr. de la Pilloniere had made his studies as a Jesuit, and had been ordained priest. The account which he gives of himself in certain autobiographical memoranda, published at a later date, is exceedingly frank. He lets us know that when a Jesuit, he had been largely influenced by the extravagant ideas of Father Hardouin, and that he had been regarded by his Superiors, in consequence with a good deal of suspicion. His ordination, in fact, was deferred on that account, but after some time, La Pilloniere professed to retract the views he had formerly held, with the sole object, as he is not ashamed to avow, of securing promotion to the priesthood. The very day after he was ordained, he wrote to the General, asking to be released from his vows. Considerable difficulty was made, but in the end he obtained his dismissal. He then went to Father Malebranche, the Oratorian, of whose philosophical works he had for some time been an admirer; but before very long he quarrelled with this professor's teaching also, and being straitened for means, passed into Holland, where he left the Catholic Church altogether. His account, notwithstanding, of the state of religion among the Protestants of the Low Countries, is not very flattering: "What was my surprise indeed," he writes, "and my grief also, when I saw the Protestant churches rent into so many ecclesiastical factions, hating, damning, persecuting, and upon many occasions treating one another near as all of them are treated by the Papists."¹

In Holland, La Pilloniere, whose abilities were undeniable, had been employed to read a French address to the new King, when on his way to England. Moved with the hope of possible preferment, he followed in his train, and obtained from some Protestant friends an introduction to Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury. Burnet was already dead, but La Pilloniere was fortunate enough to make a friend of Hoadly, who was soon afterwards appointed to the see of Bangor.² At this period, Hoadly was all powerful with the King and the Whigs. His latitudinarian views were highly acceptable to the party then in power; he was a clever writer, and he did not shrink from "the most fulsome adulation"—so his biographer describes it—of the new Hanoverian sovereign. The great majority of the clergy were Tories, but parties in

¹ *Answer to Snape*, 1717, p. 45.

² It is worth while to notice, perhaps, that although Hoadly was Bishop of Bangor and Hereford successively for nine years, he never visited either see in his life.

the Church were very much broken, and complicated by the constant friction which was then kept up between the Upper and Lower House of Convocation, leading, in fact, to the practical suppression of Convocation a year or two afterwards. A treatise and a sermon of Hoadly's, attacking the principles of the Nonjurors, were censured by the Lower House. The Government intervened, and prorogued Convocation, but the battle was fought out of doors in one of the most famous pamphlet wars known to literary history, the celebrated Bangorian controversy. Over two hundred tracts, many of them of considerable length, were published on the question in England, in the course of the years 1717 and 1718. I must confess that, so far as the merits of the case go, my experience of an attempt to dip into the floods of semi-theological literature which then streamed from the press, agrees with Hallam's, who declares that the matter was debated with such "disgusting tediousness," that in a short time one finds it impossible even to remember what were the propositions in dispute."¹

The theological aspects of the controversy in no way concern us here. It was complicated by more than one side-issue of an extremely personal nature, and the various ecclesiastics engaged permitted themselves in some instances an almost incredible violence of language. One of the most striking episodes was the passage of arms between Hoadly and Dr. Nicholson, the Bishop of Carlisle. Dr. Snape, one of the royal chaplains, and a leader among Hoadly's opponents, cast doubt upon the assertion which the latter had made, that the sermon which had in part provoked the controversy, was written and delivered without previous consultation with any man whatever. Snape declared that he could produce a person "as high in station as his Lordship of Bangor," who would prove that certain qualifying expressions had been added at the suggestion of a friend to whom Hoadly had submitted it. Hoadly immediately printed a long advertisement in the *Daily Courant*, solemnly calling upon God to witness that the insinuation was untrue, and

¹ Hallam (*Constitutional History*) somewhat maliciously defends the suppression of Convocation on the ground that "a handful of dust was needed to calm the angry insects." Apart from the mere personal questions, which are often lively enough, the theological pamphlets are inexpressibly dreary. A gleam of humour, however, is occasionally to be found in the titles. *The Bishop of Bangor Bang'd* is not bad; but I must confess that the contents sadly belie their heading. *White proved to be Black* is a rather personal attack on Dr. White Kennet. *Howell and Hoadly, or the Church of England crucified between two*— is not at all an extravagant illustration of the vehemence of the controversialists.

demanding that the authority for the statement should be named. Snape, thus challenged, published another advertisement in the *Post Boy*, and named Dr. Hutchinson, who had heard it from the Bishop of Carlisle. The latter, according to Hutchinson, declared that he had conversed with a person to whom the Bishop of Bangor had submitted his sermon, and who had persuaded the Bishop to consent to the insertion of certain qualifying words. Thereupon Hoadly, in another long advertisement, reiterated his denial, and demanded that the Bishop of Carlisle should make good his assertions. The Bishop of Carlisle, on being pressed, named Dr. White Kennet, then Dean of Peterborough, and soon afterwards Bishop, as the person who had been consulted by Hoadly, and who had told him the story with his own lips. Upon this Dr. Kennet, in another advertisement in the daily press, stated : " I do hereby declare and avow, in the most serious and solemn manner, that the Lord Bishop of Bangor did not ask any advice of mine. . . . And I do further declare and protest, that (God so now help me and hereafter judge me) I never did say or suggest any such thing to any right reverend prelate, or any man alive," with more to the same effect.

It was suggested by Kennet that the Bishop of Carlisle must have heard the story from somebody else and attributed it by mistake to him, but the Bishop indignantly rejected this solution. In another public advertisement he repeated the story of Dr. Kennet's visit to him still more circumstantially, reiterated the statement previously made, and concluded : " This, as I hope for eternal salvation, is a faithful and punctual account of what I had from Dr. Kennet's own mouth, to the best of my remembrance."¹ There can, I fear, be little doubt that one or other of the Right Reverend Prelates was consciously lying. The most treacherous memory could hardly be deceived about the main fact, whether such an interview and such a conversation ever took place.

Wherever the falsehood lay, the Bishop of Carlisle was not deterred from publishing a pamphlet attacking his brother of Bangor. The Preface commences thus :

My Lord,—I was exceedingly surprised to find an Advertisement of Your Lordship's in the *Daily Courant* and the *St. James Post* of the

¹ All these statements may be found collected together in various pamphlets of the period, notably in one entitled, *All the Advertisements and Letters*, &c. London, 1717.

28th of last month;¹ giving the town notice of a matter of fact variously to be reported (a tale differently to be told) by yourself and a brother of the same order in the Church with yourself. I had frequently met with challenges of Masters of Defence, Gladiators of the Bear-Garden in those authentic Journals; but this, I believe, is the first time that they invited the Populace to come and see a prize fought by two Bishops.²

But in the meantime we are forgetting M. de la Pilloniere. The heated controversialists who attacked the Bishop of Bangor, looking round for any stone to fling at their antagonist, made the discovery that there was living in his house, as tutor to his children, an ex-Jesuit who had never made a formal recantation of Popery, and who, in fact, refused to avail himself of any public ceremony of reconciliation. They raked together all the evidence they could gather about La Pilloniere, and more particularly that of a certain Rouire, also a "proselyte" and formerly a Capuchin, but now a duly reconciled ornament of the Anglican Communion. Hoadly stood by La Pilloniere, and so did Kennet. Drs. Snape and Sherlock supported Rouire, and the world was presented with the spectacle of the two converts to Anglicanism vituperating each other in a pamphlet war, and making disclosures about other proselytes which finally dragged the whole community of French refugees settled in London into an apparently endless series of degrading and venomous altercations. The controversy lasted long, and must have afforded much amusement to the gossips about town. It was this scandal, or series of scandals, as I venture to think, which did more than anything else to damp the Anglican ardour for convert making. Certain it is that the form of reconciliation which, at the express request of Queen Anne, had been passed by both houses of Convocation and was ready to receive the royal assent in 1715, now drops completely out of sight. No doubt the suppression of Convocation and the powerful influence of Hoadly, who hated all formularies, will have contributed to the same result, but if the Church of England has never had an authoritative ritual for initiating converts, she owes the omission mainly, I think, to her extremely unsatisfactory experience of this class of gentry at the beginning of the eighteenth century. May it not also be gravely doubted whether the conversions of recent years have

¹ 28 June, 1717.

² *A Collection of Papers Scattered lately about the Town, &c.* London, 1717.

been such as to reverse to any notable extent the judgment then formed?

I do not propose to enter at any length into details of the charges and counter-charges made by the two unfortunate priests, La Pilloniere and Rouire and their supporters in the pamphlets for which they are responsible. The undertaking would be a serious one, for, taken with the Queen's Bounty and Refugee scandal, the tracts devoted to this particular branch of the Bangorian controversy must number nearly fifty. Neither again would it be quite fair from the mere fact of these two converts to Protestantism reviling each other, to infer that the charges on both sides were necessarily true, or that they were both equally unprincipled. None the less it is impossible to read much of the literature without coming to a pretty definite conclusion as to how the truth lay, and the two men as they stand revealed in their writings recall in a singular way just those two types of proselytes from Popery which Cardinal Newman so vividly brings before us in his *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics*, the type of Blanco White and the type of Maria Monk and Dr. Achilli. An undisciplined intellect in one, and a depraved and corrupt nature in the other, are seen clearly enough to have been at the root of their apostasy. La Pilloniere was no doubt substantially honest, though opinionated and quarrelsome to a degree. Rouire was a pitiful scoundrel capable of any meanness.

Let us deal with the latter first, taking only the facts which are practically undisputed. M. Rouire, in his printed Confession and Recantation,¹ given upon oath before Sir James Bateman, a magistrate, avows himself guilty of conspiring with Mr. La Pilloniere by issuing in writing a false statement of facts, also of antedating a document with intent to deceive, and furthermore of signing several statements in English, which language he did not at the time sufficiently understand to know their purport. It is practically admitted that he first of all maligned M. de la Pilloniere, then signed a number of documents to vindicate his character, committing amongst other things a fraud about the date, and then upon his oath disavowed all these statements and reiterated his former charges. When he tells us that the motive which drew this retraction from him was the disquiet of conscience which prevented him from

¹ April 21, 1718. See the pamphlet, *Mr. Rouiers Sincerity in his Confession and Recantation*, London, 1718.

receiving the Protestant Communion on Easter Day, and when we further know that Dr. Snape and the party he supported had the very strongest inducements to make it worth his while to withdraw his adhesion to the other side, I am afraid that the strong language of his opponent about his immoral life and utter worthlessness is only too likely to have been fully justified.

On the other hand, M. de la Pilloniere seems to represent quite a different type of character, more decent, perhaps, but hardly more amiable. A restless, angry spirit, questioning all things, railing at all things, doomed wherever he went to make enemies and find disappointments. There is much about him which may remind us of Blanco White, and, like Blanco White, he was at first cordially taken up by Anglicans of position, by the Bishop of Bangor, the Dean of Peterborough, and others. The latter writes of him, three years after La Pilloniere had come to England, in the following very laudatory terms :

Among all the converts from Popery . . . there has not appeared one since the beginning of the Reformation who has been able and willing to give so good an account of himself before and after his coming to us as M. Francis de la Pilloniere, formerly a Jesuit, now living with the Bishop of Bangor.¹

As far as his moral character was concerned, which was generally the weak point in such proselytes, M. de la Pilloniere does not seem to have given any handle to slander, but even this exceptional convert was freely charged by his adversaries with being an Arian, a Socinian, a man who was no true Protestant, but only playing a part and acting as an emissary of the "hellish Society," of which he had formerly been a member;² a man of "brazen forehead whose face hath received a double tincture of brass since they have scummed the coffee houses to gild over his whole person."³ They declared that the books which appeared with his name were not written by himself,⁴ and that he was "scurrilous and abusive in as gross a manner as can be expressed in words."⁵

¹ *Dr. Snape Instructed* (by White Kennet, Dean of Peterborough), 1718, p. 6.

² *An Account of the Cruel Persecutions raised by the French [Huguenot] Clergy, since their taking Sanctuary here against several worthy Ministers, Gentlemen, Gentlewomen, and Tradesmen, dissenting from their Calvinistical scheme, supported by evidence.* Showing also the grossness and licentiousness of their Dirty Calumnies against M. de la Pilloniere, &c., by Claudius Rey, a French layman, 1718, p. 15.

³ Pilloniere's *Third Defense*, p. 135.

⁴ Rouire's Reply to M. la Pilloniere's Advertisement of May 9th, 1718, p. 3.

⁵ Dr. Snape's *Vindication of a Passage in his Second Letter*, p. ix. Preface.

What seems to have been true in all this was that he felt and made little attempt to hide a profound contempt for the Church of England and its formularies. There is good evidence to show that he never received the Sacrament, could hardly be prevailed upon to go to church, that when present there he used no Bible or Book of Common Prayer, but openly read such books as *Télémaque* or works on history, and that he spoke scornfully of the Thirty-nine Articles, even to the boys whom he was employed to teach. We are even told that he often said: *Quid est ecclesia Anglicana? Quid est illa bestia?*—"What, is the Church of England? What is that beast?"¹ Probably this last statement is a malicious exaggeration, and it seems to be supported by no reliable evidence, but as for the rest, Hoadly, who avowedly regarded the Lord's Supper as a purely ceremonial act conferring nothing of any sort upon the recipient, would not have considered unwillingness to receive the Sacrament as a reason for excluding the proselyte from his household.

On the other hand, M. de la Pilloniere charges M. Rouire with being, "by his own confession abandoned in shame,"² "a profligate man for near a year,"³ "a wretch who has sworn to facts directly contrary to one another,"⁴ a man whose "language is as low as his soul, and whose words are as vile as his manners,"⁵ "ignorant and debauched."⁶ In addition to this direct assailant, M. de la Pilloniere falls foul of almost the whole body of French refugees in London. Their chief pastor, a man of some power as a writer both in English and French, M. Armand Dubourdieu, he paints, and I must confess that on the evidence of the whole case he does not seem to exaggerate, in the most revolting colours. He talks of his "unlimited obscene satire," and accuses him of writing M. Rouire's pamphlets for him.

And so at length an oath is cooked up, and the Capuchin Friar struts forth adorned with Latin and logical maxims, with a florid romantic style, with skill in the second sight upon the mountains of Scotland, with the knowledge of Mr. Bayle's writings, and of a late controversy with the Bishop of Carlisle; of all which particulars the poor wretch knows as much as he does of the world in the moon.

¹ *A Vindication of a Passage in Dr. Snape's Second Letter*, pp. 35, 41.

² Pilloniere's *Third Defence*, p. 81. ³ *Ibid.* and p. 83.

⁴ P. 81. ⁵ P. 135. ⁶ P. 75.

It is obvious, urges La Pilloniere, that Dubourdieu, being well primed with drink by the ex-Capuchin, has written his tract for him, "in language which nothing but Billingsgate and the Bear-Garden can pretend to equal, and of such insolence as hardly ever was paralleled in any civilised country."¹ "Yet M. Rouire himself," La Pilloniere affirms, "who is now his bosom friend, hath represented him [Dubourdieu] with the greatest earnestness, both to my Lord [of Bangor] and to me in such colours as it is a shame to repeat—as guilty of all the vices which can be united in any one man, as a disgrace and scandal to the Church in which he lives." "I will not foul the paper," he goes on, "with many particulars I have heard from all hands, I will only say that there is a universal agreement in this character of him without exception, that his morals are a scandal to Christianity, and his temper a common nuisance and disturbance to all."²

All this, it should be remembered, was written by La Pilloniere at a time when he was actually resident under the roof of the Bishop of Bangor, and was warmly supported by the Dean of Peterborough and other leading ecclesiastics.

M. Rouire's reply, though written with the countenance of Drs. Snape and Sherlock,³ strikes one on the whole as rather feeble. The following may be taken as a specimen :

In short the Bishop having thought fit to declare to the Public that I have been a Capuchin, and thence to draw an undue reflection which I shall examine in the sequel of this controversy, and that declaration of the Bishop's having given occasion to some dull wit of Sieur P.'s cabal, or perhaps the Sieur P. himself, to characterize me in a newspaper by the title of the Friar of Croydon, I find myself obliged in my turn to acquaint the public that I had quitted the Capuchins and officiated as a secular priest above six years before I became a Protestant. . . . I desire the reader to observe that in order to gain the reputation of sincerity, it is better to have been a Capuchin than a Jesuit, besides it ill becomes the Sieur P. to reproach me with having been a Capuchin in France, since he himself is become a Capuchin in England, I mean a *mendicant friar*.⁴

¹ *Third Defence*, p. 75.

² *Ibid.* p. 115.

³ Though both these men, through Hoadly's influence it is said, were struck off the list of royal chaplains, no stigma rested upon their character. Sherlock afterwards became successively Bishop of Bangor, Salisbury, and London. The Archbishopric of Canterbury was offered to him but he declined it on account of ill-health. Snape was Canon of Windsor, Head Master of Eton, and Provost of King's College.

⁴ M. Rouire's *Reply to M. Pilloniere's Advertisement in the "Daily Courant,"* L. 1718.

Mr. Rouire goes on to explain that the Capuchins, however, beg only for the necessities of life, "whereas Sieur P.'s reformed Capuchinism consists in begging caroluses and guineas."¹

However, although for the time Mr. de la Pilloniere seems to have gained the victory, his later life was miserable enough. It is clear that he scoffed at English Protestantism and hated all its narrowness. He would seem to have offended all his friends, he would have nothing to do with the Anglican ministry, and he took up in disgust the study of medicine and alchymy. There is a book of his, published a dozen years after the Bangorian controversy, and it leaves us with a sad impression of poverty, discontent, and perverse and perverted cleverness. He had thrown himself furiously into the work of denouncing the leading professors of English medical science with just the same bitter animosity which distinguished formerly his onslaughts on Rome. He calls them all, for instance,

lazy, wilful, blind, prejudiced, and incorrigible followers of Galen (enemies generally and friends—all for the sake of fees), and therefore not unlike monster twins biting one another at the head, but inseparable at their bellies. They have almost sunk the divine Alchymist (Van Helmont), &c.²

The language of the tract, from its title-page to its conclusion, is intemperate almost to the point of incoherence. He avows himself (and this in 1729!) an ardent Alchymist, and though he professes to be a Christian, there is no trace of dogma anywhere to be detected in the book. To quote all the title-page would be too tedious, but the beginning of it runs :

Mr. Francis de la Pilloniere's Further Account of Himself since his appearing as a Defendant in the Bangorian Controversies, and of his advances in his inquiries after Truth, in Religion, in Physic, and in Alchymy. Both as this last transmutes metals, and as it can alone supply the true conscientious PHYSICIAN with good, warrantable, infallible, speedy, pleasant, and numberless medicines; even for any one of those diseases which are most falsely, not to say Atheistically, passed upon the world as incurable.

At the foot of the same page we find :

Dear People of England; ye have been made aware of the PRIEST, by the Bishop of BANGOR and ME. Here I do tell ye further: have a care of the PHYSICIAN ten times more.³

¹ P. 10.

² *Mr. de la Pilloniere's Further Account of Himself*, p. 58.

³ This he repeats in the largest capitals on p. 79.

I confess that the impression which the tract produces upon me is that the author, when he wrote it, must have been well-nigh insane; but there are two short passages which occur in it which are worth noticing. He says:

I am out of my own country, far from my relations, and from those who gave me once very great support. I am a person here where I am, of no enlarged acquaintance; inconsistent with the way of life that I have chosen, a person indeed at his first coming acceptable, but forgotten and hardly looked upon since. Being yet a very fresh outcast to the Church of Rome, I made myself as entirely obnoxious to Protestant Popery or Priestcraft as I was universally agreeable to all the parties that oppose it; and the new wounds which it must receive from this *extempore* piece cannot but refresh the old.¹

This certainly suggests a state of abandonment and low finances, an impression which proposals made to publish works by subscription, dragged in everywhere without the least regard to the context, strongly confirm. He still, as I have said, professes himself a Christian, and indeed to have been the recipient of some very special and extraordinary illumination about the ways of God, "not very far," he says, "from the centre of the Kingdom of Light."² None the less, he gives interesting expression to his experience of the sense of religion among Catholics as compared with Protestants.

The grief [he says] I formerly expressed at my having met after my coming [into England] with the same dreadful enemy that I had fled from, is increased by another; viz., from my remembering in general more of what is called a true sense of religion among those whom I have left, than I was yet able to discover among those whom I have chosen.

It would not be worth while to make any further reference to the French Huguenot refugees and the attack made upon them by Mr. de la Pilloniere, were it not for this, that in consequence of his onslaught a bitter quarrel which had for some time been brewing between them and sundry unfortunate priests, professedly converts to Anglicanism, at last found public expression. There must have been a dozen or two of these gentry in London at the time. They were known distinctively as "the Proselytes," a name which they were rather inclined to resent, and one or two of the Anglican clergy, men like Archbishop Tenison and Dr. Kennet, rather laid themselves out for the reputation of

¹ P. 75.

² P. 43.

making such converts,¹ and consequently did their best to encourage them.

There can be little doubt that their ranks were recruited from the dregs of the Catholic clergy of the Continent, principally from France. They came over, nearly always in a state of destitution, because their own country was too hot to hold them, and they trusted to gain preferment, or at least a decent sustenance, from the well-known anti-Popish sympathies of the English clergy. Now William III. on his accession had obtained from Parliament a sum of £15,000 per annum for the support of those who for religion's sake sought a refuge in England. This bounty had been continued ever since, and the administration of it was mainly in the hands of a committee of French Huguenots, "the League," as they were called, resident in London. It will be readily understood that the League looked upon these converts with an extremely jealous eye. The League considered that there were already quite sufficient mouths to consume the loaves and fishes without sharing them with a rabble of "proselytes," mostly apostate priests and unfrocked religious, whose motives they thoroughly distrusted. The proselytes, on the other hand, having just shaken themselves free from the inconvenient restrictions of Catholic faith and practice, had little sympathy with the still narrower creed of the Calvinist Huguenots. Bitter complaints were soon made of the maladministration of the Bounty funds, and the proselytes declared that they were shut out on frivolous pretexts from participation in what was intended for their relief not less than for that of their rivals. On the coming of La Pilloniere to England, he threw himself fiercely into the camp of the remonstrants. Trusting to his own ability and to the favour he enjoyed with so powerful a patron as Bishop Hoadly, he attacked Armand Dubourdieu, Minister of the Savoy and the chief representative of the League, as we have already seen, in no measured terms. It would occupy far too much space to go into the controversy in any detail. I will only say that the nature of the accusations bandied to and fro must establish in our minds a most unfavour-

¹ "What pompous notice has been given in the prints of a formal renunciation to be made in such a church on such a Sunday even of lay-proselytes, converted by the Rev. Dr. Kennet and others." (*A Vindication of a Passage in Dr. Snape's Second Letter*, p. 4.) Only a few years before this, Compton, Bishop of London, had made himself ridiculous by warmly taking up the cause of that extraordinary impostor "Psalmanasar," who professed to be a Japanese, and a convert to the Church of England from Romanism. Another equally worthless was Antonio Gavin in 1716.

able presumption as to the moral character alike of proselytes and Huguenot ministers. The chief writer among the proselytes after La Pilloniere was a duly reconciled Anglican convert and apostate priest named Malard. Dubourdieu accuses him repeatedly of living in open adultery, and of flagrant profligacy in other ways, charges which the writer of the notice in the *Dictionary of National Biography* apparently thinks to have been fully established.¹ Similar accusations are made against almost all the other proselytes, excepting La Pilloniere. Not less significant is the constant complaint among the converts themselves of the treachery of first one and then another of their own members. A moderate bribe, it seems, could always induce any one of them to betray the rest. Thus Malard laments that the chosen leader of the proselytes, another apostate priest named La Romeliere, who drew up for them a Latin petition to the Archbishop of Canterbury, "betrayed his brethren, as Flau [another Anglican convert] did at the last distribution, to make his fortune,"² having been bribed with a gift of food and money, "so that the petition came to nothing." Again, it is stated by the same writer that the converts went in fear of their lives, so great was the ill-will of the Huguenots,³ and that Dubourdieu had "openly said of the Proselytes in the pulpit in the French church in the Savoy that he knew not one honest man amongst them."⁴ Dubourdieu, in his reply,⁵ denies the accuracy of the report, but the qualifications he introduces do not mend matters much.

He [Malard] complains somewhere, that Mr. A. Dubourdieu said in his pulpit, that he knew not one honest man amongst them. I can aver he never said anything like it, neither in his pulpit, nor in any

¹ I find it antecedently almost impossible to credit the statement that Malard, confessedly a bankrupt, and gravely suspected of more serious moral faults, acted as French tutor to the young Princesses, the daughters of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II. It is true that his book, *The French and Protestant Companion* (1717), an attack in the form of a dialogue, in French and English, upon the Roman Church, is declared upon its title-page to be "for the use of the young princesses," but its language is scurrilous and gross to the last degree, and no decent woman could now read it.

² *The Proselytish Hercules against the Mystery of Iniquity*. By M. Malard, p. 4.

³ *Ibid.* p. 48. M. Malard declares that his certificate of ordination and other letters had been stolen from him by his enemies. "Nevertheless," he says, "I have cloaked that knavery with many others of theirs as long as I could, and never got it printed, for fear of giving hold to the Papists by such a scandal." (pp. 62, 63.)

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 63.

⁵ *An Appeal to the English Nation, or the Body of French Protestants Vindicated*, p. 148.

company whatsoever; he is known to have a particular value for some of them, with whom he converses in the most friendly manner. He may have said, that he knew but few of them that were honest men; and if he said so, he wishes he may soon have occasion to recant, which as yet he has had no reason to do.

It is with real grief that in our defence I am obliged to relate here, that during the short space of time I have spent in drawing up these sheets, there have been more scandalous things committed by proselytes, than Malard can find among five hundred French ministers in the space of thirty years, and, among the rest, a flagrant cheat intended by La Mothe Champion, whose demure looks had imposed on many; and did I here (taking in the same compass of time which Malard hath, in order to find defamatory articles against us) muster up all the proselytes who, since the Revolution, have been guilty of detestable tricks and villanies, what a harvest of shame and reproach could I not bring into public, to their eternal damnation and prejudice—

Quam multa in sylvis Autumni frigore primo
Lapsa cadunt folia, etc.

M. Armand Dubourdieu may have been, and probably was in secret, a man of scandalous life himself; but that does not seem to have prevented him from writing very vigorously indeed about the vices of other people. As the accepted champion of the Huguenot refugees in London, and as a man whose duty as administrator of the Bounty fund, brought him into constant communication with the chief Anglican dignitaries of the kingdom, he spoke with considerable weight. Neither does it seem that the attacks made upon him did him very much harm in the eyes of his co-religionists. It is amusing to find that in such a work as Agnew's *Protestant Exiles from France*, a biographical notice is given both of him and of Malard, without a syllable to suggest that the slightest stain ever rested upon the moral character of either. And yet in their pamphlet strife these two ministers of the Gospel denounced each other's profligacy in language which is simply too coarse for quotation.¹ However, as a writer, M. A. Dubourdieu certainly wielded a very vigorous pen, and I cannot resist quoting, among many

¹ "Vers de Jean Armand Dubourdieu, Ministre de l'église Française de la Savoie, sur le Merite et la Chasteté passée de Jean Dubourdieu son oncle, Ministre de la même église." These verses are to be found, among other lampoons, bound up at the end of the British Museum copy of Malard's *French and Protestant Companion*, 1717. There can be no doubt that they are also by Malard. The character of these poems will appear sufficiently from one line of the elegy upon his uncle, put into the mouth of J. A. Dubourdieu—

Il a toujours été plus lubrique que Pan.

This sums up the verdict which the nephew is made to pass upon his uncle's virtue.

similar sketches of converts to Anglicanism, the portrait which he draws of one of the best known among them :

Alvarado, the demure-look'd Spaniard, at his first coming into England, was welcomed by the French Protestants, caressed by the English, and loaded with favours by Dr. Thomas Tenison, our late Primate. But such an endearing reception could not engage him to stay long here ; he soon after took a trip into Spain, with an affected secrecy, to create a surmise that he had been kidnapped by the agents of the Spanish Inquisition, and so we did believe it for some time, which occasioned several inquiries and applications to Secretaries of State, and the Spanish envoy, wherein his late Grace of Canterbury showed himself very zealous. But whilst we were in pain for him, and bewailing his condition, as if he had been nabb'd, or made away with, by the artifices of Popish emissaries, our gentleman was, forsooth, enjoying himself in the comfortable sunshine, and tasting the sweets of his delicious native country. Nevertheless, his natural fickleness drove him out of his natal air into this kingdom again ; insomuch, that, when after a long absence, he was almost forgot, and no more thought of, to the amazement of all that knew him, he, ghost-like, made a fresh appearance in our quarters ; and though he gave but a lame account of his travels, he was re-admitted into favour, which, however, he forfeited some months after, by making an open profession of Quakerism.¹

It is interesting to compare this account with a story published a few months before by Dr. Kennet, soon afterwards made Bishop of Peterborough. Dr. Kennet refers to himself in the third person, but the pamphlet was avowedly his.

There was another priest (I think of the same Society), then a missionary in England, who upon the free use of books and conversation, began to doubt of the absolute authority and implicit faith of his Church, and under these doubtful apprehensions he came several times to Dr. Kennet, to talk over the Scriptures and the sense and practice of the primitive Church, and the force of every man's reason and conscience in the understanding of them. By degrees he fixed a Resolution of forsaking Popery, and was considering of the time and manner of so doing. The last time Dr. Kennet saw him, was upon their meeting in St. James' Park, from whence they went through the Palace to an opposite coffee house, and in a back room of it they were talking over the subject of coming to a public renunciation (as Mr. Barville had done), when a tall stern man walked up to the table, and looked very intently and sourly upon them, and walked back with some tokens of displeasure. He was no sooner withdrawn, but that the person with Dr. Kennet changed his countenance, and said it was very unlucky that that man, one of his superiors, should see him in

¹ From *An Appeal to the English Nation*, &c., p. 10.

the Doctor's company. How far unlucky God knoweth, for from that hour the Doctor could never see nor hear more of him. He doubts that too many are spirited away from us.¹

Seeing that the penal laws were then in force, and Catholic priests were far from enjoying immunity from arrest, the audacity of the Jesuit Superiors of 1717, must be rated even more highly than that of the unknown ravishers who recently conveyed a stalwart convert six foot two in height, from Bayswater across the Channel. Dr. Kennet, however, as we have already seen, made profession of being quite a specialist in the matter of seceders from Popery. He had collected, he tells us,² well nigh a hundred recantation sermons or forms of abjuration made by converts forsaking the Church of Rome. Seeing his large experience of proselytes, his high opinion of M. de la Pilloniere, quoted above, as being a man notably superior to all others of the same class, becomes valuable testimony. It is interesting, therefore, upon unimpeachable authority, which I have only come across since the earlier part of this paper was written, to be able to trace to the end the history of this exceptional convert.

Dr. Hoadly, formerly Bishop of Bangor, who played so prominent a part in the events we have been discussing, lived to an advanced age. In his later years, when Bishop of Winchester, it was his misfortune to become embroiled with another seceder from Popery, also formerly a priest and member of a Religious Congregation. This man, Bernard Fournier, had been presented to a benefice in Jersey. He was accused and found guilty of a fraudulent attempt to obtain a sum of £1,000 from the Dean of Jersey. He entered an appeal to the Bishop of Winchester, managed to get admitted to sundry personal interviews with him, and in some way or other secured his signature on a blank sheet of paper. Over this he promptly wrote a promissory note for £8,800, "value received," and sued the Bishop for the money. The Bishop seems at first to have wished to hush the matter up. But Fournier persisted, and found influential laymen who believed in him and supported his claim. The scandal dragged on for years, and when the Bishop exposed and disproved the preposterous account of the transaction which Fournier had first put in circulation, the latter had the audacity to declare that when drinking alone with the Bishop, he had solicited from him some compensation for the expenses

¹ Kennet, *Dr. Snape Instructed*, p. 21.

² *Dr. Snape Instructed*, p. 84.

of his appeal, and Hoadly being in his cups had signed the promissory note on which he based his claim. This forced Hoadly to publish at the age of eighty-one a laborious vindication of himself. There can be no reasonable doubt that his assailant was simply an impudent scoundrel, and the Bishop's reply is overwhelming, but none the less it is hard to read without a smile the following solemn protestation. This is how an eminent ecclesiastic of the eighteenth century goes about to explain that he never was drunk in his life. The italics are in the original.

I can indeed, upon the most severe Recollection, truly affirm—That, from the earliest stage of life to this Hour, I never was *once* under the least Disorder of this Kind; not even by Accident, or Surprize from any Design of others;—That I *never once*, through my whole Life, entertained Myself, *alone*, in the low manner here pointed out; nor ever *once*, with a Friend, in any *private* or *hidden* Way;—That in my general uniform Course, those Persons who have been at Table with Me at one certain Time of the Day, have been Witnesses to *all* My *Indulgencies* of this Kind;—and particularly, That, with relation to those detestable Supports, which Fournier has wickedly invented for my *Old Age*; I thank God, it is such an *Old Age* as not only does not want them, but abhors the Thought of them.¹

Poor Bishop Hoadly! It was hard for him after he had for all these years believed in nothing in particular except general integrity of life, to find himself attacked on such a point. Unkindest cut of all, the blow came from a convert, to whom he had been very kind and whom he had refrained from prosecuting in a criminal court for fear of presenting to the world a second edition of the Archibald Bower *fiasco*² from which the English Church was just then smarting. Naturally people remembered that Hoadly had leagued himself on a previous occasion with a convert priest who had caused a tremendous disturbance. No doubt the Bishop himself also realized that his connection with La Pilloniere leant a certain countenance to Fournier's story, which would otherwise have seemed extravagantly impossible. To these causes probably we owe it that Hoadly, in the Preface to his vindication, reviews the course of his relations with La Pilloniere, and in this way lets us know,

¹ *A letter from the Lord Bishop of Winchester to Clement Chevallier, Esq.*, p. 90.

² Archibald Bower, a writer of some note, was an apostate priest who professed to have been consultor of the Inquisition at Macerata. He was warmly taken up by many Protestants of position, but his immoralities and impostures were finally exposed in 1758, by John Douglas, subsequently Bishop of Salisbury.

what we should probably otherwise have been ignorant of, the sad story of that unhappy man's last years. The passage is too long to quote entire. I content myself with the portion which is more material to my present purpose.

I will not conceal from the Reader that Mr. Pillonniere, did not for some part of his time, behave towards me agreeably to his Obligations. This, I soon found, was occasioned by my not judging it proper to interest Myself at all, by any Sollicitations of mine, for promoting and increasing a Collection of Money, set on Foot by some worthy gentleman in his Favour, without the least motion from me. And this by degrees put an End to all direct Correspondence between us. After this, He was very profuse in giving away to others, in Appearance of Want, that Competency which had been most kindly provided for Him by his Friends. By this weakness He soon found himself reduced to great Necessities; and then accepted from Me, through a Friend's Hands, a small yearly Allowance; But without any Attempt, or Suspicion of Attempt, to Supply his Wants by forging Money-Notes, over the Names of Others.

At length, from the Study of the Mathematical, and other useful, Branches of Learning, He suddenly departed into the golden Dreams of the lowest Chemical Projectors. This Change was succeeded by a sort of Religious Madness, in which He was not content with his usual great Temperance; but brought Himself to believe that, by the Promises of God, in Scripture, a good Man might, by Degrees, come to live without taking any Sustenance at all. In this Attempt, He went to such Excess, that his Condition at last could not receive any Benefit from a contrary Regimen. And by this Management He brought Himself to Death, in the midst of imaginary Visions, and nightly Conversations with Heaven. But enough of Mr. Pillonniere.¹

A sad life and a still sadder end, but on the whole I imagine a less disreputable history than that of the majority of the proselytes from among the Catholic priesthood whom such Anglican dignitaries as Kennet and Tenison were so eager to encourage. Is it wonderful that, instructed by these and many kindred examples, which I have not had space to allude to, English common sense should have decided that the Established Church was not in any immediate need of an authoritative ritual form for the reception of converts from Rome?

In conclusion, let it be added that if I have seemed to linger over the details of this somewhat unpleasant subject, it has not been with the purpose merely of giving currency to a *chronique*

¹ *A Letter from the Lord Bishop of Winchester to Clement Chevallier, Esq., p. iv. (Preface).*

scandaleuse. If men like La Pilloniere and Fournier represented only that normal proportion of evil which is mixed up with the good in every religious communion and in every class of society, it would be in the highest degree disingenuous to seek to score a controversial victory by picking out a few such individuals and expatiating upon their moral delinquencies. But it is because I can find no reverse to the medal, because there is no record of notably good lives among the converts to Anglicanism to set against this long list of notably bad ones, that the conclusion necessarily suggests itself that these scandals are normal and not exceptional in the class of people we have been discussing. It had been my intention in the present article to institute some little comparison between the more remarkable converts on one side and on the other. To this I shall hope to return on a future occasion. In the meantime it may be said that, as far as I have seen, the highest merit which can be claimed for any one who has passed from the Catholic Church into another communion, appears to be the very negative praise that he has not made himself notorious by a scandalous life, or the rejection of the fundamental articles of the Christian faith.

HERBERT THURSTON.

Keeping up Appearances.

IT is of the greatest importance to recognize the fact that human conduct is dominated by phantasms of the imagination, not of course ultimately and necessarily—for that would be to deny the freedom of man's will—but proximately. It is only through its control over the imagination that the will can govern the other faculties and passions subordinated to it. Hence the immense stress laid by moralists on the necessity of keeping a tight rein on our fancies. If, for example, I am tempted to disgrace myself by laughing during some public solemnity, much force will be added to the inclination if I picture those about me to be looking at me with a sympathetic smile; whereas, if I can conjure up a steady picture of an inattentive and unsympathetic company, the tension of the risible muscles will at once be relaxed. Or, if I have any nervous ordeal to undergo, everybody knows that my success largely depends on the hold I have over the phantoms of my brain; and that if I am once seized upon and possessed by the thought of failure, fail I most certainly shall. Confidence and courage differs from rashness and foolhardiness only in this, that the brave man, having a true estimate of the danger, puts aside haunting fears by a strong volition and keeps his attention occupied with visions of success; whereas the foolhardy, not having the slightest conception of dangers ahead, is the unresisting prey of sanguine dreams. But the strength of both one and the other lies in their imagination being pre-occupied with visions of victory.

Sometimes we turn this psychological law to useful account in order to reassure ourselves; sometimes to remove our neighbour's disquiet. As a child, I always found it a great help in traversing a dark and lonely road after nightfall, to put my hands in my trowser's pockets and whistle vociferously in order to dispel from the imagination those phantasms which on such occasions possess the tender mind and cause a certain

trembling at the knees and relaxation of the whole inward system, supposed to be indicative of fear. I felt that my salvation depended entirely on not admitting to myself for a moment that I was afraid. If there was any subconscious intention of impressing the lurking tramp or garotter with an idea of my perfect *sang-froid*, I believe it was an altogether secondary motive. The great thing was to "keep up appearances" to myself. I had a small sister who, before getting into bed, used to look behind the door, in the wardrobe, under the table, up the chimney—for what, Heaven only knows. To me this always seemed sheer madness; for if *It* were there, to know it could only make things worse, and not better—inducing a paralysis of mortal fear. Surely the wisest course was to foster firmly the "larger hope," in spite of shadows, creakings, and groanings; and to believe the very best, until the worst was actually on top of one—claws, teeth, and all. And though the matter of one's fear changes with maturity, yet the method of its remedy is the same in substance, only perhaps less instinctive, more reflex.

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

It is really often the best, if not the only way of dealing with these "frightful fiends," to deny their very existence; to turn our back upon them, and pretend to ourselves we did not see them. A legend tells us of a monk who resisted a temptation to despair consequent on some fall or other, by roundly denying the unpleasant fact to himself: "I never did it; it's all a myth." He was a good psychologist, but a poor moralist.

And indeed, seeing how much our bodily health and disposition depends on our phantasms, it is not only in affairs of conduct, but even in the question of resisting disease and death, that this principle of "keeping up appearances" is so important, as every doctor knows. The sick-room is consequently the arena of a continual struggle between the interests of truth and affection; and the issue is not usually favourable to the sterner virtue. And for the same reason we usually advise distraction and change of scene for those who are in danger of being dominated by a fixed dread of some disorder which may indeed

actually be produced by sheer force of imagination. None can enjoy their good health who do not firmly believe in it ; whereas ill-health is often tolerable for one who boldly denies its existence—not merely to others, but to himself. Hence, some are exceedingly annoyed by sympathetic friends who tell them that they look ill and that they should take more care of themselves—thereby destroying that self-illusion which is really the truest self-carefulness.

In the interest of others it is often no less important to “keep up appearances,” and above all not to show ourselves frightened in any way ; for nothing communicates itself so subtly and quickly as fear—a mere quiver of the lip, or quaver of the voice, unravelling in a moment, yards of rational persuasion and encouragement.

When there is danger of a panic, it is obviously the duty of every man towards his neighbour, more especially of those in responsible positions, to make a brave show of calm indifference, if not of buoyant hopefulness. The captain who finds his ship on fire assures the passengers by his serene and smiling face that this is an every-day occurrence, fraught with no danger whatever ; and if to the “hands” his demeanour is not quite so tranquil, still he will never betray to them the despair that he can perhaps no longer hide from himself. We are courageous for others long after we have ceased to be so for ourselves. Charity makes us loth to see them reduced to the same pitiful plight. It is only the coarsest forms of doubt or unbelief that care to proselytize. “Leave thou thy sister when she prays,” is the instinct of every unselfish heart. It is especially in the matter of fear that our ancestral gregariousness comes out, and that we follow one another with the unreasoning promptitude and uniformity of a flock of sheep. The infection of cowardice in the face of danger is far more rapid and irresistible than that of courage. Indeed, it must be so *à priori* ; for to give way is easy, and to hold out is difficult. It is then a sacred duty incumbent on the fellow-associates in any cause to “keep up appearances” and to help each one to believe that he is singular in his cowardice or diffidence, and that all his fellows are brave and unfaltering. For by this conviction each one is actually encouraged, and cured of his fear ; so that out of an illusion is begotten a reality. Herein is one of the chief ends of association, as it is also its essential condition ; for when public self-confidence is destroyed, destruc-

tion is at the door. A cause which has ceased to believe in itself, collapses like a punctured balloon; and, furthermore, a mere pin-hole is often the origin of the widest rent.

All these sapient moralizings have been suggested to us by a perusal of the Archbishop of York's *New Year's Pastoral*, which is, after all, but a more elaborate presentment of an attitude recently assumed by the defenders of English Protestant Catholicity. A less charitable and more superficial view might lead us to suspect that his Grace's position was that of the worthy ship-captain just referred to; and that having realized—to use the words of his illustrious predecessor—that “we Bishops have been sitting in the back attics of the Church, grandly discussing the papering of it, with the house on fire in the kitchen and burglars breaking in at the parlour windows,” he feels it a matter of duty and charity to assure the terrified domestics that these circumstances, far from being a source of alarm, are just the very reasons which should inspire them with unbounded confidence and overflowing gratitude for the privilege of living under such efficient discipline. “A fire in the kitchen,” he seems to say, “is a recognized factor in domestic economy; and if at times it exceeds due bounds, this too is provided for in our expansive formularies. To harbour the stranger is what is essential to Christian hospitality; whereas the somewhat unceremonious and burglarious manner of his entrance is but a detail, however otherwise deplorable.”

As has been hinted, we should not without qualification condemn his Grace for so acting under the present very trying and distressing circumstances. In a great crisis, such as the Church of England has been brought to by the recent Papal Bull, where some new *modus vivendi* must be sought by the sacerdotalist faction, it is all-important that the uncertainty and perplexity of the shepherds should not be communicated to the flock. Without transgressing the strict bounds of subjective truth, it is always possible to present the brighter aspect of a dark question; and if this is not quite the most candid procedure, it is so instinctive and ready an expedient that it is often adopted without deliberate reflection, and therefore more excusable.

But it is impossible to resist the impression that his Grace is “keeping up appearances,” not merely to his flock, but to himself; that he is thrusting his hands in his pockets and whistling defiance at the “frightful fiend” that “doth close

behind him tread." It is hardly conceivable that the utterances of the *New Year's Pastoral* could have come from even the most accomplished diplomat, unless he really believed them in the upper strata of his consciousness. There has been some conflict, no doubt, between the phantasms of hope and fear, resulting in the detrusion of the latter into the nethermost *barathrum* of sub-consciousness, or perhaps out of consciousness altogether. We can almost read between the lines of this Pastoral the whispers of the fiend of despair, and tell his imagined whereabouts from the direction of the thrusts and lunges made at him by the victorious sword of the spirit.

We cannot help picturing the conflict in somewhat the following fashion :

His Grace : "The year which has now come to its close may fairly be regarded as one of special interest and importance. It has had, like all years, its losses and its gains, and some of exceptional moment. We have been suddenly deprived of our chief in the height of his vigour and the fulness of his great knowledge and experience. It is in no conventional sense that we speak of him as the great and good Archbishop. Under his wise leadership the Church of England has made great advance—greater, perhaps, than we can yet clearly estimate. Those who were permitted to stand most near to him know best how much he accomplished, and still more how much he desired to do."

The Fiend : The past year has been a fatal one for the sacerdotalist faction in the English Church. First of all, there is this utterly unexpected Bull from Rome, making us a laughing-stock in the eyes of Nonconformists and of the staunchly Protestant majority in the Establishment, who have recently found a spokesman in Lord Grimthorpe. Then there comes the death of Archbishop Benson, who had, for prudential motives, thrown himself into the "Continuity" cause, and would no doubt have emphasised his lineal descent from Augustine, à Beckett, Anselm, and Lanfranc, at the coming Pan-Anglican Synod, in some theatrical and popular fashion. It was, of course, something to have had him buried at Canterbury, like a real Catholic Archbishop ; but now there comes his hopelessly Protestant successor, with his contempt of sacerdotalism and his old-fashioned view of the scope of the Reformation, to spoil the popular illusion that was just beginning to take root.

His Grace : "Within a few days we shall probably receive the noble legacy which he has bequeathed to the Church in his treatise on St. Cyprian, and we shall admire, in the fullest sense, the wonderful industry and intellectual force with which in the midst of his arduous work he was enabled to accomplish this splendid *πάρεργον* of a toilsome and anxious life. To him the words of the poet apply most truly,

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit, and for myself I may venture to complete and adapt the quotation, *Nulli flebilior quam mihi.*"

The Fiend: Let us at least hope that Archbishop Benson's posthumous work on St. Cyprian will be like the mantle of departing Elijah dropped upon the shoulders of the orphaned Elisha; and that therein he will have made it appear that the holy Martyr regarded rebellion against Rome not merely as compatible with true Catholicity, but almost as a note of it.

His Grace: "But if this be our special loss, where shall we look for our special gain? I do not hesitate to find it in our recent controversy with the Church of Rome. The results of that episode, so sorrowful for Rome itself,¹ have been rich in strength and blessing to the Church of England. We have stood face to face with Rome on her own platform; she has challenged our title deeds; we have vindicated them to the uttermost; we have learned the weak points in her own."

The Fiend: But this disaster is trifling compared with that of Rome's adverse decision. To be finally and emphatically repudiated by the Patriarch of the West may be a matter of indifference to Puritans, but to Sacerdotalists it is the most damaging and disheartening blow. We thought indeed, from her recent expressions of good-will, that Rome in her political weakness was very anxious for an alliance with the Church of the modern Empire; and that her greed of influence would have broken down her pride and made her yield her pretensions to infallibility. We thought that, like ourselves, she would compromise principles for the sake of a superficial and merely negative unity. But to our surprise and disgust she is as preposterously rigid as ever. Her attitude towards us is in no way altered from what it was three hundred years ago. She regards our priests as heretical laymen and nothing more; and though it was so plainly for her interest to say otherwise, her besotted bigotry has got the better of prudence and worldliness.

His Grace: "Rome, in a last effort to draw us back into the yoke of bondage, has applied her most searching tests to our defences and they have stood the strain. We have learned afresh 'wherein our great strength lies.' Not in our national position, which is not free from collateral perils; not in our ancient endowments, which may not be an unmixed good; but in our Divinely accredited position as a true branch of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, bearing

¹ His Grace, no less than Artemus Ward, seems to have thoroughly mastered and realized the principle of the *relativity of motion*. The latter, speaking of a certain memorable conflict, says: "By a sudden and adroit movement I placed my left eye against the *Secesher's* fist." His Grace, looking at the recent conflict with Rome from a similar point of view, tells us how by a sudden and adroit movement, the Church of England has placed her left eye against the fist of the Church of Rome, and he is melted with pity for the poor injured fist. It is, no doubt, on the same philosophical principle that by a sudden and adroit juggle of words Rome is represented as the *Secesher*, as the trunk which has been rent from the branch, as the dog which has been chopped off from its tail.

His commission and armed with His authority. Every link is strong and clear in the chain which unites us with the Church of the Apostles. From generation to generation we pass on the torch of His truth and transmit the inheritance of His grace, as we send forth His priests to be 'faithful dispensers of the Word of God and of His holy sacraments'; to proclaim to men, and to present before God, the one perfect, all-sufficient sacrifice for the sins of the whole world."

The Fiend: And still worse, Lord Halifax has put us in the humiliating position of seeming to have sued to Rome for re-admission to communion, and of having been contemptuously rejected on our own terms; of seeming first to set great store by the decision of the Pope's Commission, and of then being intensely angered because it was ruthlessly adverse. Rome has gained respect all round for her fidelity to her principles, even from Protestants and, if the truth be told, even from ourselves. Would to God we could speak so firmly and boldly on any single point of faith, and with any prospect of being listened to and not laughed at; that we could dare to say unambiguously what we really mean by "priest" and "sacrifice," and yet not raise a storm of invective from one faction or another.

His Grace: "Rome is, after all, as regards its numbers and organization, a powerful branch of the Catholic Church, and it is bound to us, not only by the inheritance of a common Christianity, but also by its participation in a true apostolical order. The Church of England has always recognized the Holy Orders of the Roman Church, nor has she ever adopted the sacrilegious course of re-baptizing its members or re-ordaining its priests when they desired to return to the Anglican communion."

The Fiend: And yet, consistently with our theories, we cannot afford to retaliate and treat Rome with the same *hauteur* she has shown in our regard. She is, to say the least of it, an uncomfortably powerful branch of the Catholic Church, and to ignore or deny this would only hasten the secession of numbers who are beginning to contrast her solidity and perennial consistency with our own fluctuations and uncertain trumpetings. We must treat Rome with a certain patronizing charity as our considerably elder but fallen sister. Of course this will sound rather absurd, not only to Romanists, but to all who deny the branch-theory, and who view the relation between Rome and Anglicanism as similar to that which exists between a living tree and its severed and rapidly decaying branch. The relation between two severed branches is mutual in some way; each can pity the other; but the trunk has an aggravatingly independent vitality of its own, which makes it difficult for the broken and rotting branch to adopt an attitude of condescending recognition in its regard; and to say: If you are too narrow-minded to acknowledge my vitality, I, at least, am broad enough to acknowledge yours.

His Grace: "On their side there are not a few among their most learned ecclesiastics, both in Italy and France, who have come to

understand and to acknowledge the true standing of the Church of England in the Kingdom of Christ."

The Fiend: We had also some faint hopes that Duchesne, and the very minute party of which he was the only really celebrated member, would have stood out against the Bull, and shown themselves rebels against Rome; but they have all to a man acquiesced in the authoritative declaration.

His Grace: "For the Roman community in England at this time is not of English birth nor of English ancestry. Its ecclesiastical pedigree is not that of the ancient English Church. It has no descent whatever from the Church of Magna Charta, the Church of Columba and Cuthbert, of Egbert and Lanfranc, of Anselm and Arundel, of Langton and Warham. It has neither part nor lot in our past history, or in our venerable Cathedrals. It is an offshoot of a foreign Church planted in our native land."

The Fiend: And really the difficulty of maintaining anything more than an Act-of-Parliament "continuity" becomes more difficult every day. The "Italian Mission" gibe, which has done such good service in its day, is getting threadbare, and after all is rather a bark than a bite. Historical research rakes up new difficulties as fast as the old ones are choked or strangled; even our venerable Cathedrals, by their whole structure, their altars, their Lady chapels, their shrines, their very stones, cry out against us, to Rome and the faith of Rome, which was the faith for whose maintenance they were raised, and from whose service they were robbed by the rascality of Henry VIII. After all, the question is, not about the lineal descent of the present Catholic Hierarchy from that of the pre-Reformation Church, which no Romanist affirms, but about the descent of ours, which all, but our own little party, deny.

His Grace: "To all these considerations, and in face of all these facts, Rome still repeats the saying of Augustine, '*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*.' But what does this challenge imply? It had a meaning in the mouth of Augustine which it cannot have to-day. Even in his case the *orbis terrarum* was the *orbis Christianus*, but it was the undivided Church of Christ. And what is now the world to which the appeal is made? Does it include the hundred millions of the Eastern Churches, or the hundred and forty millions of European Christians, who one and all reject the claims of Rome, and bear no allegiance to her Pope, and who together outnumber the whole adherents of the Roman Church? Are they also to unite in the judgment which is to conclude all controversy? But if not, what is the meaning and the purpose of these high-sounding words? We appeal to a Higher Tribunal."

The Fiend: This *securus judicat orbis terrarum* is doing much mischief, and Newman is not the only one who has been struck by the exact parallel between the Donatist and the Anglican relation to Rome. If we meet the objection by including all sects within the Christian *orbis*, then we stultify St. Augustine, who uses it against one

of those sects; if not, we must understand the *orbis* to be some main body of Christians, which is the *a quo* term of all secession, which is older and greater than any of these planetary bodies. We all know that the Greek Church is only a collective name for some dozen isolated communities with no central government, and as for non-Catholic European Christians, to speak of them as making one society, or one Church in themselves, still more, in union with the Greeks, is ludicrous. In fact, Rome is the only thinkable claimant to the title *orbis terrarum*, and it was Rome that Augustine spoke of. And even in this *Orders* controversy, can we Anglo-sacerdotalists claim the support of the hundred millions of the East, or of the hundred and forty millions of European Protestants? Nay, if we limit *orbis terrarum* to our own National Church, can we feel security in the judgment of thirty-five thousand against nearly sixteen million who deny that we are sacrificing priests in the Popish sense? We cannot appeal to Rome, or to the non-Roman *orbis terrarum*, or to the Anglican *orbis terrarum*, and if we appeal to a higher and invisible tribunal, is it not what all heretics have done from the beginning, who have ever denied the visibility of the Church, as soon as the visible Church has condemned them?

Such seems to have been the "dreadful close" from which, breathless all, but unwounded, his Grace has arisen, and we have no doubt that albeit a man of normal intelligence and education, he had really persuaded himself of the tenableness of this most preposterous theological position. A perusal of the Life of his illustrious predecessor forces upon us a very pointed contrast between these two successive occupants of the same see. For Dr. Magee, with his robust common sense, his clear, logical perspicacity, his unimpeachable honesty of purpose, and, above all, his profound sense of the ludicrous, such an utterance as the New Year's Pastoral Address would have been an impossibility, even under the most extreme necessity of "keeping up appearances;" and we hardly like to suggest the censure he would have passed upon it.¹ To a certain extent he foresaw the

¹ In the January of 1891, Dr. Magee, on the eve of his appointment to the archbishopric of York, wrote *à propos* of the re-marriage of divorced persons, to Bishop Mitchinson, as follows: "Doubtless one uniform rule, in this as in other matters, is abstractedly desirable. But rule of all kinds in our Church seems out of date, and the catastrophe which will substitute the will of the laity for the rule of the Bishops is so near at hand, that a little more or less of anarchy meanwhile is not of much consequence. We are now well over the edge of our Niagara, and I do not greatly care to strain my muscles in bailing or trimming the boat on its way down." Neither in respect to the marriage question or any other doctrinal or practical matters does there seem to be any change in the last six years to warrant a reversal of this judgment. Surely now, if ever, is the time for the Episcopate to combine in some declaration on the *Orders* question, but beyond a vague promise, nothing seems to be forthcoming. They content themselves with solemn *Te Deums* like those which the Emperor Nicholas caused to be sung after the glorious Russian victories at Alma and Inkerman.

straits to which the Anglican hypothesis would eventually be reduced, and we cordially agree with him that a broad Evangelical position, midway between the Calvinistic Protestantism and the Latitudinarianism of Jowett's school, was about the most defensible. Of late, many of the Bishops have shown an inclination to make common cause with the pseudo-Catholic party, possibly from an idea that the continuity fiction would give their Church a distinctive dignity and position which in the event of disestablishment, it would entirely lack were its Orders merely a matter of ecclesiastical organization, and no more supernatural than those of the Presbyterians. Therefore sacerdotalism has become a more practical and important question for them than it was when their dignity rested more firmly on the less celestial, but more substantial foundation of State Establishment.

No doubt it will take some time to get the hopelessly Protestant millions of the Establishment to believe the exact contrary of all that has been dinned into their ears for three centuries; to believe that nothing particular happened at the Reformation; that the Church of England was always Protestant before, and always Catholic afterwards; that the Sacrifice of the Mass has always been taught and practised by her; that her ministers are priests in the Roman Catholic sense; that confession, purgatory, and the invocation of saints, are quite conformable with loyalty to the Thirty-nine Articles. Yet it is not necessary to reason on these points, but only to go on asserting boldly, persistently, unscrupulously; and, at all costs, in spite of a thousand misgivings, to "keep up appearances." His Grace of York is just the man needed for the present emergency, and he represents the attitude of the whole sacerdotalist faction in regard to the recent Bull,¹ an attitude of a somewhat too studied and ostentatious indifference and *nonchalance*; the indifference of the urchin who, smarting from the birch, tries his little best to keep up appearances, to suppress his tears, and to show that he not only didn't mind it at all, but rather enjoyed it.

DIGAMMA.

¹ Thus the *Church Times* of January 8, 1897, says: "The Northern Primate's Pastoral is, like his other utterances, characterized by good common sense. . . . Many foreign ecclesiastics, to whom the Church of England was no more than a Protestant sect, know us for what we really are. Who know how that knowledge may not leaven the whole lump? The Archbishop's letter should be read with attention for the excellent and lucid statement of our historic position." And the *Church Review*, for January 7th, says: "It deserves attentive perusal and consideration as a thoroughly Catholic utterance."

Catholic France To-day.

IF to the more learned of the Church's members the problem of the moment is the reconciliation of revealed truths with modern science, or rather, in the demonstration of the fact that, rightly apprehended, no real antagonism can or does exist between them, to a far larger section of the Church Catholic the problem that clamours for settlement is the reconciliation of her unchangeable teaching with the exigencies of modern industrialism, the aspirations of modern democracy. Here, too, the antagonism is more apparent than real; the difficulties, great as they are, lie rather on the surface than in the nature of things, and the chief hindrances hitherto to the establishment of an identity of interests between them have sprung, on the one side, from the false assertions and false teachings of the enemies of the Church, who have skilfully and deliberately turned into weapons of attack, forces and tendencies which under different circumstances should have proved valuable allies; and on the other, from the timidity and ignorance of many pious souls, and from their lack of touch with popular movements, which have caused them to accept as Gospel truths the boastful assertions of their antagonists, made with the express intention of falsifying the issues.

It is not easy to fit square pegs into round holes, to adapt ancient formulas to new conceptions, or, above all, to turn a rushing current which has broken loose from all bounds, back into those legitimate and well-defined channels within which its fertilizing waters are a source of power and progress, instead of being an engine of destruction. All this, by whatever metaphor we choose to express it, represents an exceedingly difficult task, a task requiring patience, insight, tact, knowledge, even genius, to bring it to a happy issue, but yet not one of which mankind need despair. And this is the task to which, for the last hundred years and more—ever since the French Revolution recklessly hurled in a devastating deluge over

Europe all those inestimable forces which should have served to rebuild an effete society on a new and democratic and more Christian basis—the Catholic Church has had to apply herself. Happily, in our own day, the combat is emerging from its earlier stage of chaos and bewilderment, and taking shape on certain clear and well-defined lines, along which it should be comparatively easy for the rank and file of the Church's army to follow their leaders. That this work of laying down the broad principles by which the Church is to be guided in the task of regaining her rightful ascendancy over the forces of modern society, has been largely effected by the commanding intellect and the almost supernatural insight of Leo XIII., need hardly be said here. As the skilful embroideress draws from the tangled mass of multi-coloured silks the long, smooth threads best fitted for weaving stitch by stitch into an harmonious and serviceable surface, so from out the tangled web of creeds and theories, views and systems, some true, some false, and nearly all misapplied, among which the intellect of the nineteenth century has run riot, the Holy Father has drawn out and incorporated in his marvellous series of Encyclicals, not only the underlying truths which the Church has always professed, but also those principles of statesmanship, of practical wisdom, and, if I may say so, of opportunism, which are absolutely essential attributes of any successful work of social reconstruction. In Belgium, in France, in Germany, even in Italy, his words are beginning to bear fruit.

In France, the religious and social situation is full of interest at the present moment. In its main features it abounds in anomalies. The Church, in so far as it is affected by the Concordat, is a State Church, and yet the State is opposed to it. The Church, outwardly at least, has rallied to the Republic, and yet the Republic continues its policy of petty persecutions. The President of the Republic distributes decorations to Sisters of Charity with one hand, while with the other he authorizes his officials to distrain on the goods of the religious communities for the arrears of *le fisc*. In England, the Church has to fight against the forces of religious heresy; in France, the combat lies with Atheism, Freemasonry, an aggressive Voltairean spirit and gross superstition in the place of religious faith. It is no secret that the Holy Father hoped for more rapid results when he urged on the faithful to rally to a Republic to which an existence of a quarter of a century had given a certain status

and a fair hope of stability, and to turn their energies to more practical labours on behalf of the Church than vain longings and mild intrigues in favour of exiled dynasties. The *ralliés* have been neither so numerous nor so whole-hearted as he had reason to expect, and the Republic has shown itself singularly ungrateful for the very definite service that Leo XIII. rendered to it. Yet no one who studies French politics can doubt that it is along the lines of the Papal utterances that salvation will come—if it is to come at all—to Catholic France. To very many it seems clear that France—and in this she is unlike Italy—has passed through the worst of her anti-Catholic convulsions; that the era of destruction is well-nigh past, and that a period of reconstruction is at hand; that, in short, in spite of obstacles innumerable, the Catholic Church is gaining ground—slowly, laboriously, but none the less surely—in the Republic, and above all in the hearts of the French people, and that the future may be faced with at least a reasonable hopefulness and a chastened confidence.

This is the view that finds expression in a series of singularly delightful volumes that have lately issued from the pen of an accomplished *littérateur* and loyal Catholic who writes under the Breton pseudonym of Ives le Querdec. The *Lettres d'un Curé de Campagne*,¹ and its sequel, the *Lettres d'un Curé de Canton*, tell of the France of to-day, her condition and her needs; the newly-published *Journal d'un Evêque* speaks of her probable requirements in the future. All the volumes display an intimate and sympathetic acquaintance with the daily life of rural and provincial France; all are inspired with a hearty devotion to the Holy See, and are pervaded by a pleasant spirit of Christian toleration which excludes all bitterness and mere controversy. The form selected—a series of letters from the *curé* himself, supplemented by a few from his neighbours and correspondents—saves the work from the heaviness of a didactic treatise, while imparting a pleasing air of verisimilitude to the experiences related. There is no pretence at a plot—only the slightest thread of connecting story which serves to give a sense of unity to the whole—and yet the recital has all the absorbing charm of a novel. Ives le Querdec possesses at once seriousness of thought and lightness of touch; he treats of grave social problems with refreshing lucidity and a thorough grasp of his

¹ Recently translated into English, under the title *Letters of a Country Vicar*, by Mara Gordon Holmes (Heinemann and Son).

subject ; and although he does not disguise his own deliberate convictions, he never allows himself to be tempted into a depreciatory tone in speaking of others. Writing as a layman, he performs the difficult task of sketching out a whole scheme of social action for the French priesthood with so much simplicity and *bonhomie*, and hearty appreciation of the difficulties that have hitherto hemmed in their action, that the most susceptible ecclesiastic could hardly take offence at advice so delicately given. Ives le Querdec does not profess to be the author of any brand-new scheme of social reform ; indeed, he lays quite as much stress on the attitude of the clergy towards the people as on their practical activities. But he sums up and weaves into a harmonious conception all the scattered efforts that have seen the light of recent years either in France or in other parts of Europe, and that commend themselves as suitable for his purpose. The words of St. Paul, *Pietas ad omnia utilis est*, supply the groundwork on which he causes the *curé* of Saint-Julien to build up all his social activities, realizing that the priest being the representative of religion in every parish, it is on him that the duty devolves of converting his flock to a realization of the advantages of religion in every walk in life.

The *curé* himself, the hero of the first two volumes, is a charming creation, not brilliant, not a great preacher, not a man of many parts, but clear-headed, warm-hearted, full of common sense, with a high ideal of his calling, thoroughly imbued with democratic sympathies, and, in the midst of all his holiness and all his apostolic zeal, not without a touch of shrewdness and more than a touch of humour. He is unaffectedly simple and genuine, and his letters, treating as they do of grave moral questions, are yet full of homely touches and naïve revelations of pleasant little human weaknesses. From the very first he wins the heart of the reader, as by slow degrees he is to win the hearts of his people. As a priest he restricts himself rigidly to his religious functions, and although counting himself a *rallié*, he holds strictly aloof from matters political ; but, as the friend and adviser of his flock, he aspires to penetrate to every hearth, and to break down the barriers of reserve and animosity that usually separate a priest from the great majority of his parishioners, by identifying himself personally with all their interests, whether commercial, agricultural, or domestic. By these means he hopes to permeate once more the lives of the people with the Christian ideal, to turn the ceremonies of the

Church in their eyes into something more than mere official rites, and to transform their faith from a remnant of loosely-held dogmas, easily forgotten and generally ignored, into a living creed and a practical rule of life.

The *curé's* first entry into his new parish of Saint-Julien is anything but encouraging. The poor man, his own heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness, finds himself welcomed with a chilly curiosity, combined with that attitude of suspicion that the French poorer classes almost invariably adopt towards those who are their social superiors, or even merely strangers. His predecessor had been a man of retiring disposition, who had devoted his leisure to the care of the church ornaments, and had seldom penetrated beyond his sacristy except to dine with the one or two aristocratic families of the neighbourhood. The new *curé* is expected to walk in his footsteps. Instead of this he electrifies the parish by calling in turn on all the artisans who form the village community, whether they are *pratiquants* or not, and is received at least with a fair outward civility. After a week or two, and before turning his attention to the peasants of the surrounding hamlets, he wends his way in his best cassock to the *château*, only to find that he has been guilty of an unheard-of social crime in neglecting to pay his respects to M. le Marquis the very day after his installation, as local usage demanded. The Saint-Julien family, which regards itself as the main prop of the Church, is furious at the supposed insult, and the local radicals are proportionately elated. Fortunately, the *curé* is soon able to persuade both his aristocratic and his democratic parishioners that he is neither a revolutionary on the one hand nor a hanger-on of the rich on the other, but that, as the representative of God's Church, the souls of all his flock are equally dear to him, and that he intends to show favour to none. While feeling his way, strewn as it is with so many thorns, he laments over the fact that his previous training has all been derived from books, and that his long years at the Seminary have left him with no knowledge that he can turn to good account in his intercourse with a rural population. He knows nothing of their lives and their habits; he is entirely ignorant of medicine and hygiene and the laws of sanitation, in which subjects he might have hoped to be of use to them; he cannot give an intelligent opinion on any agricultural question, such as crops, cattle, or manures; and he hardly knows in what terms to address his

people, whether he is in the pulpit or by their own hearths. Soon, however, he is able to sum up the religious situation of his parish in a letter to his Paris friend, and the account is so typical of rural France to-day that I quote the main points :

Their First Communion once over, the boys appear no longer (at the confessional). Indeed, they seldom appear for long even at the Sunday Mass. Our peasants would not for worlds allow their children to miss making their First Communion. It is a rite binding upon all, but it is nothing more than a rite. . . . And the same is true of all their religion. They cling to their church, to their cemetery, even to their priest, and to the ceremonies of their faith, because these ceremonies appear to them as an integral part of life. Even those who only come to church on the feast of All Souls and on Easter Sunday would feel that something was lacking if on Sundays the usual offices were not performed. . . . They are willing to receive the Sacraments on their death-bed ; indeed, they appear to them as an indispensable viaticum for the great journey, but they are quite ready to do without them during life. The deprivation of Christian burial, the silence of the bells at their funeral, appeals to them as a terrible calamity. But to miss Mass, to work on Sundays, provided only the oxen are not yoked, is a matter of simple indifference. These poor people are obviously more Pagan than Christian. For them religion is a bundle of rites and ceremonies which it is necessary to observe, and having accomplished so much, they feel released from further duties towards God, and sleep in peace. But as to reforming their lives, being conscientious in moral matters when they are young, and honest in business transactions when they are householders, fulfilling the commandments, worshipping God in the spirit, alas ! they are far indeed from any such thing !

The *cure's* colleagues, when he meets them, give him similar testimony as regards empty churches, deserted Vespers, diminishing Communions, and a growing sense of their own isolation in their own parishes. It is not surprising that he exclaims in one of his letters, "I have to convert my people. I am a real missionary in a heathen land !" Nothing, indeed, proves so effectively the retired life which the conditions of the Concordat, combined with the intolerant attitude of the local authorities, have imposed on the French parish priests, than the first measures adopted by the *curé* of Saint-Julien to put himself more in touch with his flock.

When, some months ago, Cardinal Gibbons, fresh from the exhilarating atmosphere of Baltimore, in passing through Paris, accused the French clergy of timidity, he probably failed to

realize to the full the vast difference that exists between a free priesthood, supported on a voluntary basis, and a Church clogged in all its activities by State regulations and State antagonism. What in England, or America, would be taken absolutely as a matter of course in any priest or parson, in rural France becomes an act of positive temerity. Our *curé* gives a Christmas entertainment to all the boys and girls of his catechism classes—an unheard-of innovation, all the more so as the demoiselles de Saint-Julien deign to assist at it. He improves his free-school, organizes a system of sick-nursing in the parish, establishes a singing-class for girls at the convent on Sunday afternoons, and invites the boys to play the time-honoured French game of skittles in his back-yard during certain hours, thus laying the foundation for future "patronage" work. As regards the adult males of his flock, he acts as peace-maker whenever the opportunity offers, and as general letter-writer and legal adviser to the illiterate, and in conjunction with the Marquis, he arranges for lectures on agricultural topics by competent authorities, and follows with zest the agricultural experiments undertaken on the Marquis' land for the benefit of the commune. When the suspicious French peasant begins to realize that his interest in their welfare is quite genuine, and is not intended to pave the way towards a dictatorial attitude on political or purely municipal affairs, half the battle is won. Meanwhile his sermons, simple expositions of the Gospels and of the great truths of religion—he wisely puts aside as unsuitable the classical methods he had been trained in at the Seminary—attract the people by their gentle eloquence and direct teaching, and little by little the deserted church begins to fill, the confessionals are better attended, the Easter Communions grow more numerous.

But it would be a mistake to imagine that all this beneficial and strictly legitimate work can be accomplished in France without exciting the most determined antagonism. Radicals, atheists, Freemasons, were all furious at the growing popularity of the priest, and the rough lads of the village were indignant at the improved moral tone of their more amenable companions. In France it is only too true that the priests have to fight not only against religious indifference, but against the most anti-Christian hatred. They are surrounded by a system of secret espionage, their motives are traduced, their most innocent actions misrepresented, and it is often only by the exercise of

the most ceaseless caution that they can save themselves from falling victims to the most maliciously concocted plots against their moral character. And if a parish priest, whose apostolic zeal has earned for him the hostility of the rowdy element in his parish, has his windows broken, his property defaced, it is more than probable that the local authorities will deny him any redress, and that his much-harassed Bishop will recommend patience and forbearance rather than compromise more weighty matters at stake by useless remonstrances addressed to prejudiced officials. The *curé* of Saint-Julien, who being but human, was guilty, in the midst of his zeal, of one or two small errors of judgment, was to prove no exception to the rule, and for a time at least found himself the victim of relentless persecution from the very persons he had tried to benefit. In the end, however, his sterling qualities triumph, and it is from a reformed and peaceful and pious Saint-Julien, that after seven years of arduous labours the *curé* finds himself transferred by his appreciative Bishop to the large urban parish of Saint-Maximin.

Full of interest, and detailed with an intimate knowledge of French social feeling, are the glimpses we gain from the letters of the relations in a rural district between rich and poor, aristocrats and democrats. The aristocracy, as represented by the Saint-Julien family, still clings to its old traditions, its old feudal rights. A sense of equality among men is the one virtue that their Christianity, in other respects very real, fails to teach them, and even their acts of charity are performed with an air of condescension which, to the mind of the French peasant, entirely obliterates all their virtue. The Marquis deigns to take an interest in local affairs, and has even been mayor of the village, but he is filled with indignation at what he considers the gross ingratitude of the councillors when they fail to re-elect him. The Saint-Julien family are, however, amenable to judicious influence, and soon learn to appreciate their parish priest at his true value. The real type of reactionary nobleman—still to be found in France even after a century of bitter experience—is personified by the Comte de Beauregard, who writes to his friend the Marquis as follows :

We must be on our guard against being led by the priests. We ought to back them up in every way, and support their ascendancy over the people, but never allow them to gain any over ourselves. . . . The rights of our families would be at once disowned, and the only check which now prevents France from rolling into the abyss would be

destroyed. Our families should keep all social guidance in their own hands, and the priests should only occupy themselves with religious matters. Even so they would do well to be guided by our advice. . . . Believe me, my dear friend, keep an eye on your *curé*, and if necessary, beg him to mind his own affairs.

In a postscript to the same letter the Count announces with much satisfaction that he has only contributed fifty centimes that year to the *denier de Saint-Pierre*. Such, in his opinion, is a fitting reply to the Encyclical of the Holy Father urging on Catholics, to rally to the Republic! And it is such men as these who imagine that the Catholic Church cannot continue to exist in France without their support! In yet another letter he writes:

Moreover, it is not fitting for a priest to be constantly running about the country; his place is in church, or in the presbytery. And why should he have taken it into his head to fill the presbytery, on Sundays, with young men? What is the use of all these novelties? . . . The priest ought to keep himself at the disposition of persons who go to find him, but he ought never to interfere in anything. The less he sees of his parishioners, the more he will be respected. He must keep to his proper place.

The Count, it may be said, is an imaginary personage, but, unfortunately, it is only too true that he represents a type widely spread throughout the country. And the existence of views such as his among the ancient nobility renders the labours of the priest, in liberating himself from the shackles of well-established custom, doubly arduous, for in many cases he has to forfeit the consideration and support of his old friends before even he has had time to win over and conciliate his former enemies. French priests might well exclaim under these circumstances: Defend me from my friends! For the French nobility, by their determined and often successful efforts to identify the Church with their own class interests and political aspirations, have probably done quite as much as her most outspoken enemies to loosen her hold over the mass of the population, whose views upon social equality are quite as emphatic, though in a directly contrary direction, as those of their social superiors.

In the *Lettres d'un Curé de Canton*, Ives le Querdec describes the life led by our *curé* in the little manufacturing town of Saint-Maximin. In point of serious interest this volume fully equals its predecessor, but it is written perhaps with less of

spontaneousness and hence with somewhat diminished charm. The subject has obviously been conscientiously studied, but it does not read as though it were based to so large an extent on personal observation. At Saint-Maximin the *curé* finds the conditions of his apostolate somewhat changed, although the need for such apostolate is even greater than before. His flock consists mainly of artisans and petty traders, supplemented by some twelve hundred factory hands employed in a large paper factory, and by a number of river bargemen. He finds them on the whole more intelligent and less ignorant than his former parishioners, but, *per contra*, more argumentative and far less docile to the discipline of the Church. The twin evils of poverty and drink are the most potent forces with which he has to cope, and allied with them he finds the tyrannous power of the money-lenders, who extort an exorbitant rate of interest, and the prevalence of Sunday labour. Thus, in short, he finds himself face to face with all the industrial and economic problems of the century, and he turns for enlightenment to the writings of Harmel and Louis Durand, and other recognised Christian leaders of the day. His activities, both within and without the Church, excite as much surprise, mingled with disapproval, as were aroused at Saint-Julien, and in truth his interference in the social and industrial life of the town is only tolerated when it becomes evident that his influence is not to be used for the purposes of political propaganda. Even more plainly than at Saint-Julien, the *curé* realizes the fundamental necessity of holding aloof from active politics, if he does not wish to see his whole moral influence rendered suspect. This seems to me a very important point in the situation in France to-day, and however difficult it may be in practice to draw a line of cleavage between political and moral questions, there can be no doubt that the clearly expressed views of Ives le Querdec on the subject deserve serious consideration. The need of bringing cheap credit within the reach both of the artisan and the petty trader impresses itself very forcibly upon the *curé*, and he organizes both loan and savings-banks, with what he admits to be only moderate success from the economic point of view. I confess I should have liked to see the author a more whole-hearted convert to the splendid Raiffeisen system, even accompanied, as it necessarily must be, by unlimited liability, which of recent years has been introduced with such admirable results by Louis Durand into the neighbourhood of Lyons, and by Don Cerutti, of Gambarare, into Northern Italy.

But in the economic aspects of industrial problems our author is evidently not so interested as in their moral considerations. Against the heathen practice of Sunday labour in factories, with its deplorable results on the religious and moral tone of the population, he inveighs with righteous indignation; and rightly, I think, on the ground of its economic futility, he protests against the labour of mothers of families in factories. As he points out, the wear and tear of clothes in the workshops, with the sums paid for washing, mending, and minding the children, absorb almost all the wife's earnings, and the small profit certainly does not counterbalance the consequent discomfort of the home, and the inevitable destruction of all real domestic life.

The latest addition to the series, the *Journal d'un Évêque*, of which indeed only the first part has appeared, hardly falls within the scope of this article. It is devoted almost entirely to educational matters, and the fact that the author places his Bishop in the third decade of the coming century is probably only due to a laudable desire not to appear to be openly giving advice to the actual Episcopate. For the reforms that he urges both in secondary and in ecclesiastical education, differ in no single detail from the reforms that are urged, anyhow in England, by the educational reformers of our own day. He is in favour of certificated teachers, of smaller classes, of greater variety in the subjects taught, of a wider range in scientific matters, of greater actuality in the methods, of more training of the intellect, of less teaching by rote. He pays to the Jesuit Order the compliment of assuming that they alone, within the next twenty-five years, of all the teaching Orders in France, will have had the acumen to adapt their methods to modern requirements, and he prophesies for them that they will stand in the future in the very forefront of the educational battle. This last volume has for its sub-title "Under the Concordat," and in the closing pages the practical repudiation of the Concordat by the refusal of the Chambers to vote the annual *Budget des Cultes* is foreshadowed. The whole series indeed may be said, without exaggeration, to lead up to this consummation, a consummation which is slowly taking shape in men's minds even at the present time, and which years ago the late Cardinal Manning was in the habit of commending as the only ultimate solution of the problem of Church and State in France. The lessons of England and America, of the progress made by unendowed Churches in free countries, have not been thrown

away on French Catholics, and if the spirit of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland once comes to permeate the French Episcopate, it surely will not be long before they gladly accept poverty and independence in the place of State endowment and State tyranny, even at the risk of much temporary suffering. Surely a breath of this new spirit passed over the great gathering of ecclesiastics recently held at Rheims, certainly the most notable event in connection with the Church of France of the past year, not only for the Apostolic zeal of which it gave evidence, but also for the practical character of the discussions held, and the serious and moderate tone of the speakers, inspired as they were with a profound sense of the great work that lies before them.

The value of Ives le Querdec's volumes lies in the fact that he has not only indicated in a popular and vivid manner the line along which the French clergy are tending to advance, but he has also emphasized the social principles which, in his Encyclicals, Leo XIII. has laid down for the guidance of the faithful all over Europe. There is no smallest taint of Gallicanism in his attitude towards the Catholic problems of his country. He writes, of course, for the general reader, and he therefore necessarily leaves untouched one at least of the most serious moral problems with which the Church in France has to cope at the present time, and hence, inevitably perhaps, a tone of hopefulness pervades his picture which the stern realities of the case do not entirely justify. But yet, if fault there be, it is a fault in the right direction, for that there is reasonable hope for the Church in France is a lesson exceedingly necessary to inculcate at a time like the present, when the enemies of the Church, both at home and abroad, boast vaingloriously of her utter defeat on French soil, and when Catholics themselves are apt to assume at times that the struggle is a hopeless one. To close observers there are not wanting signs, even in the very bitterness of the present struggle, that the Church in France is regaining lost ground, just as in our own country, every definite Catholic advance has been attended by a temporary outburst of anti-Catholic bigotry. And to the friends and well-wishers of Catholic France, it is an especial pleasure to find that so keen an observer and so thoughtful a student as the author of these volumes, can look towards his country's future without serious misgivings.

V. M. CRAWFORD.

A Waterloo Campaigner and his Pupils.

WELLINGTON'S troops had borne the heat and burden of the day at Waterloo, and a feeling of anxiety, though not of discouragement, pervaded their ranks, when Napoleon's famous Guard, which hitherto no force on earth had seemed able to resist, advanced in a huge mass to the attack. The French cheered vociferously, but the British received them in profound silence, threw in a tremendous volley, and in the words of a celebrated historian, "the Imperial Guard went down like grass before the scythe." At the very moment when the last column was retreating down the hill in disorder, Wellington perceived that the Germans under Bülow and General Zieten were coming up to take a part in the fight.

The British squares had stood all day like oaks, rooted to the ground, repelling unwaveringly every attack ; but they were too much fatigued to risk pursuit, and the Prussians had arrived just in time to secure the victory. In his brilliant account of the battle, Alison¹ says that Wellington "instantly ordered a general advance, in the formation in which they stood, the British in line four deep, the Germans in column or square, and himself, with his hat in his hand raised high in air, rode to the front, and waved on the troops. Like an electric shock, the heart-stirring order was communicated along the line ; confidence immediately revived, wounds and dead comrades were forgotten, one only feeling of exultation filled every breast. The remnants of colours were everywhere raised aloft, and waved by joyous hands ; trumpets and drums sent forth their heart-stirring sounds ; the ranks rapidly filled with the stragglers, such even of the wounded as could walk hurried to the front, to share in the glorious triumph. With bounding steps the whole line pressed forward as one man, at the command of their chief ; and the last rays of the sun glanced on forty thousand men, who with a shout which caused the very earth to shake, streamed over the summit of the hill."

¹ *History of Europe*, vol. xix. p. 364

Among Zieten's staff was a gallant Prussian officer, talented, learned in no mean degree, a philosopher and a poet, and possessing with all his dashing, soldier-like exterior, the tender heart of a little child. This was Burckhard, Heinrich Freudenfeld. He was born at Schwerin in 1784, of Protestant parents, and after having served the compulsory number of years in the army, had abandoned the life of a soldier for the more congenial pursuit of history and philosophy. He had taken his degree at the University of Göttingen in 1809, had published a volume of poems, and edited a poetical review, but when all Europe flew to arms in defence of hearth and home, he threw aside his books, and took part in what was everywhere felt to be a war of liberation, involving the most vital consequences. There is nothing like a good war in a good cause, for bringing out all that is noble in men. The deeds of heroism done in the campaigns against Napoleon will never all be recorded. On the field of Waterloo, by the side of the hero of Lützen, Leipzig, Vauchamps, and Laon, Freudenfeld saw Lord Fitzroy Somerset (afterwards Lord Raglan) gallop up to Zieten with a message from Wellington. On the way, his right arm had been shattered with a round shot, with his left he made his salute, gave his message, and then dropped from his horse.

Freudenfeld used to say that the English had won the day, but that the men were too tired to pursue the enemy, and that the victory would have been useless without the allies. This agrees with what the Duke of Wellington said to a friend who was staying at Strathfieldsaye, and who had the power of getting him to talk. "I could not have been beaten," he said. "I could always have retired into the wood of Soignies, which I could have held for a fortnight. But my men were too tired to follow up the victory." All night long, Zieten continued the pursuit without intermission. Seven times, the remains of the French army, exhausted and utterly discouraged, tried to encamp during that night, but scarcely had they formed their bivouacs when seven times the ominous sound of the Prussian trumpets obliged them to fly helter-skelter, every man for his life. Some threw away their arms and made their way back to their homes as well as they could. Napoleon was the first who brought the news of his defeat into the French capital.

As Freudenfeld was riding by the side of Zieten after the battle, he said: "There will be no more fighting now; I shall leave the army and return to the study of history."

Zieten tried to dissuade him, but failed.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, seeing that his friend was not to be shaken in his resolve.

"I should like," replied Freudenfeld, "to be the first officer of the allied armies to enter Paris."

"That I can promise you," answered his chief.

The Battle of Waterloo had been fought on the 18th of June, and on the 3rd of July the terms of the capitulation of Paris were signed by the representatives of the allied armies outside that city. General Zieten with his army occupied the heights of Meudon, and the village of Issy. He had been attacked in this position by the French, who were, however, repulsed with the loss of a thousand men. The war was then practically at an end. According to Zieten's promise, Freudenfeld and a brother officer rode the first of the whole army into Paris, with two orderlies behind them. They went into a café, and immediately all the French left. Presently, they heard a row outside, and found the mob attacking the orderlies. Just then a Prussian regiment arrived, reversed their lances, charged and dispersed the crowd. Some individuals still proving refractory, the soldiers tied them to the railings of the Tuileries, and flogged them with their stirrup leathers. Nothing could exceed the forbearance of the English troops during the occupation of Paris by the allies. It was such as to call forth a touching expression of gratitude from Louis XVIII. The Prussians, if they had not been held in check by Wellington, although neither brutal nor lawless, were too much inclined to remember the humiliations and injuries inflicted on their nation by Napoleon, and to take reprisals. Blücher would have hewn down the Bridge of Jena, erected in commemoration of the battle of that name, but for the timely intervention of the English Field Marshal.

When the allies evacuated Paris, Freudenfeld returned to Germany, and settled at Berlin. Here he remained till 1819, when he was offered the post of Extraordinary Professor of History, at the newly-erected University of Bonn. He accepted it, and continued his studies with renewed zeal. From the outset, he had little sympathy with the rationalistic tendency of German Protestantism; and the more he studied, the more decided became his conviction of the truth of Catholicism. When he had collected materials for a work on the Reformation period, it began to ooze out that his verdict was not in accordance with that of his party. He announced a course of lectures

for the second quarter of the year 1821, bearing on the history of the three last centuries. But by this time his uncompromising veracity and regardlessness of consequences, caused him to be looked upon with suspicion and displeasure by the authorities. Some of the students resented his impartial treatment of events, which it was customary to view only in a certain light, and they determined to play him a trick. On the 27th of May, there appeared in his class-room, instead of the usual number of about sixty-three students, an audience of nearly two hundred. Freudenfeld began his lecture, discoursed on the general state of religion in the sixteenth century, but treated the Reformation from an exclusively historical point of view, taking as his authorities Heeren, Villars, and other writers considered as perfectly impartial witnesses. He lectured on the principles which guided the movement, on the means by which the Reformation was brought about, and on its logical results; and quoted the well-known passage from Luther's letter to Melancthon: "Si vim evaserimus, pace obtenta, dolos mendacia ac lapsus facile emendabimus."

At this juncture, the students created a tumult; the lecture could not be continued, and although the Rector and Senate of the University pleaded in Freudenfeld's favour, the Government cancelled his appointment. He went to Rome, and was soon afterwards received into the Church. The following year (1822) he entered the Society of Jesus, at Friburg in Switzerland.

The *animus* which he had excited was in a measure owing to his brilliant qualities, and to the influence which he exercised over a number of his hearers. Among these were the two sons of the Prussian President of the Council, Franz and Hermann Gossler, who were inspired by Freudenfeld with such love of the Catholic Church that they soon followed his example. Franz, the elder, afterwards became a Franciscan and a celebrated ascetic writer; the younger studied law, and was made a judge. Two other converts who owed the faith to Freudenfeld's lectures at Bonn, were the famous historian Iarcke, and Baron Forcade de Biaix. He afterwards married Baroness von Ronberg, whose father was also a convert, and whose brothers were friends of Freudenfeld at Bonn.

Ordained in 1828, Father Freudenfeld was at once made Rector of the College of Estavayer on the lake of Neuchâtel. In 1841, he became Professor of History and Philosophy at Friburg.

At that time, there was a colony of Catholic English boys at

this College, and as may be readily imagined, they did not get on particularly well with the French pupils. National animosities had by no means cooled down in the lapse of years and treaties of peace or change of dynasty; and the state of permanent friction that existed between the two nationalities at Friburg, at last reached a pitch requiring the intervention of the authorities. The English took it into their heads that the French had slighted them in some way, and to assert themselves they decided to give what they called a Waterloo banquet, and to invite boys of every nationality except the French. The matter having transpired, the Rector sent for Frederick (afterwards Sir Frederick) Weld, a younger son of Mr. Humphrey Weld of Chideock Manor, Dorset, who seems to have been in some sort the leader, and told him that there must be a change in their behaviour.

"I will give you a Superior," he said. "I think you will get on with him."

This Superior was Father Freudenfeld, and "in a fortnight," said Sir Frederick Weld, relating his college experiences to a friend in after-years, "we were like lambs."

He often said that he owed more to Father Freudenfeld than to any one else.

But indeed the boys' new Superior was just the man to "get on" with every one. His unswerving fidelity to truth in its broadest and widest sense, gave him a comprehensive view of things, and prevented all one-sidedness. He could admire the brilliant qualities of the French, and with infinite tact and sympathy soothe the irritability with which they bore their national humiliations; while to the English, he was never tired of talking of the grand way their compatriots had fought at Waterloo. His influence was felt throughout the College, and to it may be ascribed, in a great degree, the noble manner in which some of his pupils played their part in after-life. Sir Frederick Weld's career is a fine example of what one strong, conscientious, upright character may do in the formation of another. In his enthusiasm for Father Freudenfeld, the pupil seemed to have caught something of the spirit that had animated his master in all the varied scenes of his life. Having been made Prime Minister of New Zealand, at a very critical point in the history of that colony, he was once taunted with delay in bringing his native policy before the House of Representatives.

His answer is characteristic of the principles on which he was always known to act.

"My policy," replied Sir Frederick, springing to his feet, "lies in a nutshell. It is this. At all risks be just, at all risks be firm."

The natives had the greatest respect for him and called him "a man of one word," meaning that he never wavered in what he thought, and declared, to be just.

An instance of his fervour in the practice of his religion is given by one who was the guest of a missionary priest on one of the remote bush stations in Australia. After relating how he had settled his own conscience, in the matter of going to Communion on a certain feast, considering himself sufficiently excused by the fact that he could not receive till a late hour, and that a long fast often resulted in a distressing headache, he goes on to say that he was visited with deep compunction on seeing Sir Frederick Weld ride up shortly before Mass, and go to confession and Communion. He had ridden twenty miles through the bush, fasting.

Weld believed strongly in religion as a civilizing element in the colonies, and was always ready to uphold even the fragments of it left by Protestantism. He prevented a Divorce Bill being brought forward in New Zealand, by saying that he would resign office if it were carried against him, and that even if he had no religious views on the matter, he should so act in the interests of civilization and society. When orders were received from the Home Government to disestablish the Church of England in the Straits Settlements, he brought the matter before the Legislature, and with the unanimous support of the Senate, obtained the reversal of the order. All Colonial Bills for the government of the Church of England have taken the New Zealand Bill as a model, and it has always redounded to his honour that the fairest and best measures for the civil government of the Church of England in the colonies should have emanated from a devout Catholic. He was, moreover, determined that the same privilege should be granted to other denominations as well.

He was Governor of Western Australia, from 1869 to 1874, of Tasmania from 1874 to 1880, and of the Straits Settlements till 1887, when he retired. In his farewell speech to the Council, he said, and all present endorsed his words: "I have done my best without fear or favour, and I have not spared myself either in mind or body." It was well known, that in the midst of his

manifold tastes and interests, he never let anything stand in the way of his duty.

Until the year 1849, Father Freudenfeld continued to be Professor of History at Friburg. He lectured in French, and in 1848, published a book in that language, entitled *Tableau Analytique de l'Histoire Universelle*, the Preface to which reveals something of the immense attraction which he had for his pupils. He says: "L'auteur s'estimerait heureux si cette publication venant à tomber entre les mains de ses anciens élèves, leur rappelait le temps si plein de charmes qu'il a passé avec eux, et si elle était reçue comme un gage de l'affection sincère qu'il ne cesse de leur porter, et qui ne s'effacera jamais de son cœur." This book has since been translated into Italian. It was impossible that the affection of such a man, which found its outlet in the "charm" of his pupils' society, should remain sterile. To know him was to love him, and to share all that his clear intellect and warm heart had to bestow.

The Sonderbund War closed all the colleges in Switzerland and dispersed their inmates. Father Freudenfeld came to England, and in the temporary absence of the then Master of Novices at Stonyhurst, was called upon to supply for him.

"He seemed to be well on in the sixties," says one who was at that time in the Noviceship, "warm-hearted and full of vigour. He always spent recreation with the novices, and told us stories. One was about a pupil of his at Friburg. Father Freudenfeld had always seen that this boy had a vocation, but of course said nothing. One day he was put into solitary confinement for smoking. There was a picture of the Blessed Virgin in the room, and the boy remembered that his father had always told him to say the *Memorare* before such a picture. He began, but could not stop. As soon as his time of confinement was over, he rushed to Father Freudenfeld and said, 'I must be a Jesuit.' 'I knew that long ago,' answered his friend. 'Then why didn't you tell me?' asked the boy, wonderingly. Years went by, and he became the celebrated preacher, Father Pottgeisser, and was sent to America. Father Freudenfeld had a letter from him, which he read to us novices, telling how he had to supply for a German priest, who had gone away to beg for his mission. Father Pottgeisser could not speak German (he was a native of French Switzerland), but he wrote a sermon in French, got it translated into German, and so preached it. By the time the German priest returned, Father

Pottgeisser had collected more money among his parishioners than the German priest had among strangers."

In 1859, nine years after Father Freudenfeld's death, the narrator of this story was passing through Cologne, and stopped at the house of the Society in that place. "At breakfast," he says, "I saw a big, tall man get up, stride over a form and go out. A French Father next to me whispered: 'That is a very *illustrated* man.' In recreation I found myself next to this 'illustrated' man, who spoke English perfectly. It came out that he had been in America.

"'Were you at school at Friburg?' I asked, tentatively.

"'Yes.'

"'Did you ever smoke there?'

"'Yes.'

"'Were you ever put into solitary confinement for smoking?'

"'Yes. What makes you ask?'

"'Oh, I've known vocations come that way.'

"'But who told you?'

"Of course the 'illustrated' man was Father Pottgeisser, and I explained."

Father Freudenfeld died soon after he came to England. We hear of the "ruling passion strong in death," and sometimes gentle virtues and tender affections are even stronger. The room, in which the dying man lay, overlooked the playground at Stonyhurst. The lay-brother who attended him went to the window. It was summer, and the window was open.

"What you do?" asked Father Freudenfeld, in his broken English.

"I made a sign to the boys to go further off and not to make such a noise."

"It is the music of birds to me," he replied, smiling.¹

A soldier, a poet, and a scholar, Father Freudenfeld might have won fame in any path in which it had been his pleasure to tread. He chose to do a hidden work in the world, with the result that his name is little known. What his influence was upon those to whom he devoted his life will be seen when the secrets of all hearts are disclosed.

J. M. STONE.

¹ The boys, on their part, used to admire the old man, who, when crossing the playground, manifested no fear of being hit by the football. This they attributed to his familiarity with cannon-balls.

The Altars of our Ancient English Churches.

SOME short time ago there appeared in the pages of THE MONTH a series of letters dealing with the correct ritual arrangement of altars. Although the correspondence was one of very great interest and gave much valuable information, it is not my intention to engage in the controversy then started. But as one of the writers, who signed himself "An Ancient Roman upon the Modern Goth," referred to a drawing of mine representing a restoration of the ancient high altar of Westminster Abbey, and was so good as to imply that it conveyed a correct idea of an ancient English altar, I have been led to suggest "The Altars of Ancient English Churches" as the subject for the paper which I have been asked to read before the Historical Research Society this evening.

I will now tell you as briefly as possible what I have been able to ascertain concerning the altars of our old English churches as they existed before that terrible event known as the Reformation. This information is gathered from ancient descriptions, drawings, the few remains still existing, and from the mediæval altars remaining in some foreign churches, which seem to supply features which are doubtful or unable to be traced in the scanty fragments left us by the Reformers, Puritans, and injudicious but sometimes well-meaning restorers.

In ancient times, certainly from the ninth or tenth century down to the end of the sixteenth, the altars of the churches in the West, when they were intended to be permanent structures, were built of stone or marble, and consisted of a slab supported upon a mass of masonry or pillars. Rarely, as in the Cathedral of Brunswick, which dates from the twelfth century, these pillars were of bronze or brass; but the Brunswick example is the only one I have ever seen. These early altars are remarkably plain, and have no candle ledge, projecting base mould, or tabernacle. Their extreme plainness was in no way the result of accident, such as want of means or inability to do something better,

¹ Lecture before the Historical Research Society.

because it was the case right through the middle ages even in the rich, handsome churches of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as we see at Arundel church, the Fitzalan choir of which still retains its mediæval altars.

The earliest existing altar in England is within half a mile of where we are now met. It is in a chapel attached to the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, undoubtedly a portion of the buildings erected by St. Edward the Confessor. It goes by the name of the Chapel of the Pyx, because here used to be kept a pyx or box containing the patterns for the current coin of the realm. The place belongs to the Treasury, and is rarely shown to the public. The altar follows the usual design, and is absolutely devoid of all ornamentation.

The reason why the altars of our old churches were so exceedingly plain was, I have no doubt, because the idea of desolation, in an ecclesiastical sense, is "a denuded altar," and of course the plainer the altar the greater the sense of desolation. Our modern Gothic altars, ornamented with carving and figures, present no great difference in appearance upon Good Friday or Easter Sunday; but the ancient altars must on Good Friday have given the idea of intense sadness. Fancy the central object in some magnificent Minster or Cathedral being a bare block of unadorned stonework! Yet the most gorgeous churches in this country would have exhibited such a spectacle on Good Friday. But how different would have been the aspect upon Easter Day, when this central object appeared resplendent with its frontal adorned with silver, gold, and precious stones! It is, however, not fair to blame the "Gothic revival" for the altar adorned in front with stone carving, as you find it all through the Renaissance period, especially in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and I have no doubt that the architects of the "revival" simply submitted to the prevailing ideas of the time; in fact, so far from their reviving too much, they revived too little, and in point of fact, the ancient English usage was far more in accordance with strict "Roman observance" than either the Renaissance practice or the Gothic revival.

Ancient altars of the kind I have described exist in a few churches, notably in Gloucester Cathedral, which possesses several; St. George's, Canterbury, which retains its ancient high altar; the chapel of Abbot Beere's almshouses at Glastonbury (a very perfect example); the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene's Hospital, Ripon; and the chapel of St. Anne (the "*Maison de*

Dieu"), at Ripon. The two last-named examples are more than usually rude in construction, as the slab is supported by two upright pieces of stone, one at either end. The slab, or *mensa*, of St. Mary Magdalene's measures 6 ft. 7 in. in length and 3 ft. in breadth, that of St. Anne's is 5 ft. 9 in. in length and 2 ft. 8 in. in breadth. But now comes a curious point: they are both only 2 ft. 8 in. high—and it does strike one that an altar 2 ft. 8 in. high would be most inconvenient for celebrating Mass upon. As, however, I have seen several altars in England and Germany quite as low as these, I shall offer an explanation of the matter later on. The "candle-ledge" or step is very rarely met with in old altars, especially in England, though there is one example in Warwickshire, in the crypt of a church the name of which has escaped my memory. This feature was occasionally movable, as is the case in two of the old altars in the magnificent church of Xanten, near Cleves, a church which, by the way, is richer in ancient altars than any other in Northern Europe. One of these candle-steps I have sketched. It consists of a long box of wood, with a small door at one end. The front is beautifully painted. I opened the door at the end and found it full of wax candles, no doubt its original use. I think it very likely that our old English altars had movable candle-steps like this one.

And now there are two very important questions, one which is easy to answer, and the other far more difficult. The first is this, Where was the Blessed Sacrament reserved? and the second, Where were the relics deposited? Now, if the relics were deposited in the altar itself, I fancy they must have been placed in the body of the altar, beneath the slab, because I have never seen any cavity cut in the altar-slabs, which are very numerous, though nearly always displaced, generally used by the Reformers as door-steps or as monumental slabs. Here again, I fancy, we may learn something from the German altar. If you look at a German mediæval altar you will find in the centre of the altar, immediately below the slab, and bearing a singular resemblance to the lock of a chest, a small piece of marble inserted. Where, as is often the case in Lutheran churches, this has been removed, a small cavity is exposed, measuring about six inches each way. Now, I have usually found that the little slab which seals this cavity is of *verd antique*, and it has suggested itself as not impossible that it may have been sent over from Rome expressly for the purpose!

If, however, the relics were placed in the body of the altar, as in Germany, they were sealed in England by the altar-slab itself, as in none of the English altars is the sealing-stone of the relic cavity visible in front of the altar.

The Blessed Sacrament was, as far as I can ascertain, in England, always suspended over the altar, by chains hanging down from the baldacchino, or the reredos, or possibly, in small churches, from the roof. These chains are mentioned over and over again; at Salisbury Cathedral the silver chains for suspending the pyx were given in the thirteenth century by Bishop William Brewer. In the summary of articles set down at the visitation made to the treasury of St. Paul's Cathedral by the Dean, Ralph de Baudak, in the year 1295, we read: *Una cupa argentea tota deaurata, cum opere levato de leunculis, et aliis bestiis; cum cathena argentea appensa, ad usum Eucharistiæ appendendæ ultra altare in Festis, de dono Henrici Regis, &c.*—"One vessel of silver wholly gilt, with small lions and other beasts in relief, with hanging chains of silver for suspending the Blessed Sacrament over the altar on feast-days, the gift of King Henry."

Also: *Item, una pixis argentea deaurata, cum opere coceleatore et cathena argentea*—"Item, one pyx of silver gilt ornamented with spiral patterns, together with its chains of silver."

At Winchester Cathedral a canopy projects forward from the upper part of the magnificent reredos, to which the chains supporting the pyx which contained the Blessed Sacrament were attached. I think, from the use of the words *cupa*, and *pixis*, that on ordinary occasions, and possibly in small churches, the pyx itself was suspended, but on grand festivals a larger vessel was used, called *cupa*. The pyx mentioned at St. Paul's, with its chains, weighed eleven marks and five pennyweights, but the *cupa* weighed one hundred and three ounces. The pyx, or *cupa*, in England, was never, as far as I can tell, made in the form of a dove, though, according to M. Viollet-le-Duc, this was usually the case in France. Suspending the Blessed Sacrament continued in France down to the time of the Revolution, and there are at least two churches in France where the rite yet continues, the Cathedral of St. Pol-de-Leon, in Brittany, and the Abbey Church of Solesmes. The former of these I have seen (the Cathedral of St. Pol). Projecting from the centre of the reredos, is a large object, in form like a metal pipe, and the pyx is drawn up into this by chains, so that when you look up

into it you see the foot of the pyx itself, and the corners of the pyx cloth hanging down.

Now comes the question, did the ancient English altars have canopies, or baldacchinos over them? Mr. Weale, who has studied the question with considerable attention, thinks that originally they always had, but that in later times the matter was not so carefully attended to. It seems to me that there may be a question whether the baldacchino was at any time universal in this country, but it certainly was commonly in use, especially over the high altar. In England there was no altar of the Blessed Sacrament, the Host always being reserved over the high altar. At Westminster Abbey and Durham Cathedral, in addition to the high altar, several other altars had canopies over them; fragments of some of these structures are still in existence at the Abbey. The first of these belonged to the principal altar of Henry VII.'s Chapel, and consists of a beautifully carved lintel of white marble, which formed the front of the top portion of the baldacchino, upon which stood a statue of our Lord, and two angels in terra-cotta. The feet of these figures still exist in the triforium.¹ The old altar existed down to the time of Cromwell, for we are told in *Mercurius Rusticus*, or *England's Ruine*, 1647, that "Sir Robert Harlow, breaking into Henry VII. Chapell, brake down the altar-stone which stood before the goodly Monument of Henry VII.; the stone was of touch-stone [black marble], all of one piece, a raritie not to be matched that we know of in any part of the world." Some writers upon the Abbey have fallen into the error of describing this altar and baldacchino as the monument of King Edward VI., but there is no record of any such monument having been erected. Mary would certainly never have set up a monument to Edward VI. on the site of the altar of a royal chapel, and the carving upon the lintel is too delicate to have been executed at a later date. Even if this were not the case, I think the statement in *Mercurius Rusticus* about the altar-stone settles the question. There is an old engraving in Dart's *History of Westminster*, which shows this altar as it originally existed, but I doubt the genuineness of the drawing. The other altar, which exhibits portions of the old baldacchino, stood within the enclosure round the tomb of Henry VII., and the bronze

¹ The lintel is now used as the candle-ledge to the altar erected by Dean Stanley in Henry VII.'s Chapel.

corbels, and part of the delicate vaulting, of the same material, can still be traced.

The late Professor J. Middleton was of opinion that the four great candlesticks now standing in front of the high altar of the Cathedral of Ghent, which are known to have been taken from St. Paul's Cathedral to Belgium at the time of the Commonwealth, were originally the standards for supporting a baldacchino over the altar of one of the Royal Chapels, probably Whitehall, and that they were converted into candlesticks at a later period.

Down to about the year 1844, all the framework of a most interesting wooden baldacchino existed in the Galilee at Durham Cathedral. Pugin, who witnessed its destruction, denounced that act of vandalism with his usual vigour. Some portions of the panel-work are still preserved in the triforium of the Cathedral, adorned with elegant Gothic arcade work and vestiges of beautiful paintings. An old engraving shows this. Fortunately a very ancient description can also be quoted. "Within the Galilee, in a chantry of most excellent blue marble, stood our Lady's altar, a sumptuous monument, finely adorned with curious wainscot-work; above the head, at the back and at each end; the wainscot behind devised and furnished with most heavenly pictures, extremely lively in colours and gilding. . . . There belonged to this altar very sumptuous furniture, not only for principal feasts, but for ordinary service; and for safe-keeping of these suits of vestments and other ornaments belonging to the said altar, there was at both ends two close almeries of wainscot. Thomas Langley, Bishop of Durham, lies buried under a marble tomb within the said chantry before our Lady's altar." Many of the altars at Durham Cathedral appear to have been provided with canopies similar to the one I have described, because we are told that the nine altars had all of them "covers of wainscot overhead, most finely and artificially painted and gilded."

There can be no doubt that English altars were invariably supplied with antependia or movable frontals. They possessed, moreover, the super-frontal, which was not the object now so-called, but a separate article, usually of drapery or metal-work, covering the lower portion of the reredos, or dorsal. In small churches, no doubt, both the lower and the upper frontal were of silk-velvet or tapestry, but in minsters and cathedral churches, they had for grand festivals precious frontals

of remarkable splendour. One still remains at Westminster Abbey in a very mutilated condition. This now hangs in a glass case over King Sebert's monument in the south choir aisle. I have had an opportunity of carefully examining it, and I firmly believe that in its original condition no more exquisite example of altar furniture ever existed; but I cannot quite make out whether it is English or Italian work; I rather think it is a combination of the two. Of course there is a good deal of Italian work at Westminster Abbey: the shrine of St. Edward, the monument of Henry III., the Mosaic pavements of the sanctuary, and St. Edward's chapel, were probably in hand at the time this frontal was being made. From its size and importance it was evidently intended for the high altar. The constructive portion is of oak, all the raised members are covered with enamels on silver, or copper-gilt. The borderings were further adorned with ancient classical cameos and precious stones. A few of the former still remain, delicate little foliated ornaments, the patterns of which can still be traced upon the Lesso-work covered the surface. These were probably of gold or silver, and I fancy from the deep pin-marks they were intended to hold precious stones. The portions of the design which were sunk back to the surface of the oak planking were either covered with scroll-work, painted in gold upon deep-blue glass of the most exquisite colour, or covered with parchment upon which figure-subjects were painted with a delicacy and finish that could not be surpassed by any first-class miniature painter. In the Inventory of Westminster Abbey, edited by the late Rev. Mackenzie Walcott, other frontals are mentioned, which appear to have been executed in needlework. And in the Inventory of St. Paul's Cathedral, to which I have already alluded, we read:

"Unum frontale, de negro Sameto, cum barris et Vineis de aurifrigio bono, ad majus altare.

"Item, aliud frontale strictum breudatum cum pluribus diversis sentis, et in medio breudantur ymages, crucifixi, Mariæ et Johannis; et in extremitatibus ymages Petri et Pauli Apostolorum, de dono Magistri Joannis de St. Clare, ad idem altare.

"Item, i. frontale de panno inciso, de dono Joannis de Braghyng. Ad altare B. Mariæ V. in navi ecclesiæ.

"Item, pannus-frontalis de bandekynos; et pannus super-frontalis de rubro cendato, cum turrilibus et Leopardis deauratis."

This list might be continued, but it is enough to show what the frontals were like. In addition to the upper and lower frontal, mediæval altars also had side curtains called "redalls" (*Rideaux*), and sometimes canopies at the back, overhead, and all round the sanctuary. These are usually described as "baudekyni" and "panni de arest." I fancy the baudekyni were of embroidered silk, and the panni de arest were cloth of Arras, or, as we usually call it, tapestry. The description of these hangings in the St. Paul's Inventory reads like the furniture of some gorgeous Eastern palace in a fairy story. I will not occupy your time by quoting the Latin, but will ask you to trust my translation of it.

"One tapestry, with red birds in the branches of trees and peacocks interwoven upon a background of gold.

"One with lions and double-headed eagles, wrought with red silk and gold thread upon a gold background, given for the repose of the soul of William de Valence.

"One with golden peacocks and stags spotted with gold. Given for the repose of the soul of Alice, sometime wife of John de Chauser, citizen of London."

Sometimes sacred subjects were represented as—

"Two baudekins, with the history of the Passion and Resurrection of our Lord upon a red ground, the gift of Chovell.

"Two baudekins, with images of the Crucifixion, Mary and John, the gift of Edward the King. (Edward I.)

"One baudekin of purple, with columns and arches, and Sampson the Strong below the arches, the gift of Henry the King. (Henry III.)

"One baudekin of red, with Samson tearing asunder the mouth of the lion. The gift of Almeric de Lacy, for the soul of G. de Lacy." Upon some of these baudekyns were representations of lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, horses, stags, hares, fish, birds, eagles, both single and double-headed; unicorns and griffons, both single and double, and other strange creatures, showing the love English people have always borne for animals and their remarkable gift of representing them. These mediæval Landseers thought it quite right to adorn the home of the Holiest with representations of His creatures; and although perhaps the double-headed eagles, the unicorns, the griffons, both single and double, are not quite correct from a naturalistic point of view, no doubt the Almighty will forgive them for ascribing to Him wonderful creatures which He probably never created!

With all these gorgeous altar-fittings and furniture, our mediæval ancestors were very sparing about the use of altar-candles; they appear only to have had two candles on the high altar, one on either side of the altar cross, and I am inclined to think that these were only placed on the altar at High Mass, because they are not represented in ancient drawings or pictures. In Van der Weyden's picture of the Mass of St. Hubert, in the National Gallery, no candles are shown upon the altar; and in Van Eyck's picture of the Mass of St. Louis, a candle is held up upon a pole! Possibly they used one candle for Low Mass, and two for High Mass. But as the Blessed Sacrament was suspended, there were always candles and lamps suspended round it; two, three, or four very thick wax torches, or serges, as they were called, hung up in large basins, which were kept perpetually burning; there were also candelabra at the sides and in front of the altar, and upon the screens round it. The interesting church at Xanten, to which I have previously alluded, has a light brass screen before the high altar, with eighteen large candles upon it. Here, as is usual in Germany, though by no means general, the Blessed Sacrament is reserved in a tabernacle at the side. These tabernacles are superb works. That in the Cathedral of Ulm is ninety feet high, and those of the Cathedrals of Munster and Ratisbon are about sixty feet high. The two latter are still in use, which is remarkable in a church like Ratisbon, where the Roman rite is carried out more strictly than, perhaps, in any church in Europe. Strangely enough, the Blessed Sacrament is only reserved in this tabernacle upon the great festivals of the Church, but is at other times in a tabernacle on the altar. In the churches of Louvain and Leau, in Belgium, the side tabernacle is still used. I don't think that we ever had these side tabernacles in England, though a few still remain in Scotland; and Father Leslie, S.J., has made sketches of several of them.

When in England the Blessed Sacrament, in its "cupa," or "pyx," was lowered on to the altar, probably the four "serges" were also let down, and then, with the two candles already upon the altar, at High Mass, there would have been six candles on the altar; and the question suggests itself, do not two candles pertain to the crucifix, and the other four to the Blessed Sacrament? I have heard it maintained that side altars ought properly only to possess two candlesticks. Although of course

I do not for a moment suggest that we should return to the mediæval use with regard to the candles upon altars, I humbly suggest that it is possible to overcrowd altars with candles, and that when they are placed so near together that they curl over, sputter, and drop grease over everything, set fire to the hangings and ornaments, and even occasionally to the priest's alb, propriety, security, and good taste are outraged, and it would be better if a moderate number of candles were placed on the altar, and the others upon screens, candelabra, or chandeliers. I have myself on two occasions had to assist in extinguishing a blaze up at Benediction! There were, as far as we can tell, no Benediction thrones upon old English altars, though the rite of Benediction probably dates from a period anterior to the Reformation, as fifteenth-century monstrences exist in several of the German and French churches, notably Schwabisch Gmünd, Bamberg, and Roermond. I will now describe more in detail the high altar at Westminster Abbey, and one or two others of which we have direct information from ancient sources, or which still exist.

In the possession of the Royal Society of Antiquaries is an ancient manuscript, giving a series of drawings of Abbot Islyp's funeral in Westminster Abbey in the year 1532. Islyp was a good and faithful monk, and has been described as being "a devout servant of Christ and of a wakeful conscience." Probably if he had lived a few years longer he would have been a companion of the Abbots of Glastonbury, Reading, and Colchester; or if he had lived but two years longer, he might have been a companion of the Venerable Bishop Fisher. Islyp's successor was a disgrace to the Church and his office. William Boston (or Benson) was the first "stranger" who had ruled over the church of Westminster for three hundred years. By stranger I fancy is meant that he was not even a member of the great Order of St. Benedict, which is a subject of congratulation to all Benedictines. Neal says: "He was not supposed to have been particularly strict in his principles," which opinion is corroborated by the manner in which he obtained his appointment, namely, by "purchase" [*i.e.*, robbery], for he made over three of the estates belonging to the Abbey to Sir William Paulet, keeper of the King's jewels. Widmore says of this man, "His great concern seems to have been the possession and enjoyment of a large income." He is the man who suggested to Sir Thomas More that if his conscience was at variance with

the views of the King and Council, he ought to change his conscience.

Of course this elastic-minded Abbot made no scruple about obliging the King by resigning the Abbey. I have dwelt upon this point, because it serves to show the painful but singular interest which attaches to the "Islip roll," seeing that the funeral of this Abbot may almost be regarded as the funeral of the great Abbey itself, for with the exception of about four years' revival under Mary, when Fakenham was appointed Abbot, this grand house of the Benedictine Order came to an end. The high altar is drawn with considerable care in the Islip roll, and it will be noticed, from the restoration I have been enabled to make¹ by comparing the roll itself and what still remains, that it possessed all the usual features of an English altar in a church of unusual splendour. Here we see the altar-screen of stone, or reredos, which still exists; the altar vested with an upper and lower frontal, the lower still preserved; the great canopy, or baldacchino, which projects forward over the altar, and backward over a space behind the altar. The marks upon the pavement of St. Edward's Chapel show the position of the columns which supported this, and the site of a raised floor, showing that there was a kind of pew or closet; the object of this was two-fold, one to provide a place where the King and his family could attend worship at the shrine of St. Edward, and the other to provide a place to which the King, at his coronation, could retire for the anointing service, which, for obvious reasons, did not take place before the vast assembly. Over this closet was the great relic-shrine, enclosed by open-work Gothic screens, and more towards the front part was a richly-carved and painted triptych altar-piece of Flemish work, flanked by statues of SS. Peter and Paul. A wide beam, painted with representations of a procession of saints, extended above the relic-loft from side to side of the church, upon which stood a large crucifix, or rood cross, with the attendant figures of our Lady and St. John, and cherubim standing upon wheels. The Blessed Sacrament was suspended from the baldacchino by a chain; the grooves and rings for the pulley still exist. The cupa, or pyx, was covered with its pyx-cloths, the inner of white linen, fixed round the pyx, and the outer of embroidered silk, with four heavy tassels hanging down from its corners, and a round opening in the centre for the chains to pass through.

¹ Published in *The Builder*.

Over it is a canopy shaped like the Pope's tiara. The serges and lamps were hung in basins, in front of the cupa, or pyx. The sedilia and space for sacring bell, magnificent mosaic pavement, and other objects, are all still to be seen.

I am much indebted to Mr. St. John Hope for taking the Islyp roll to the Abbey, by which means we were able to compare it with what remains of the original work. The drawings in the Islyp roll have been engraved in *Vetusta Monumenta*, but that showing the high altar is very incorrect, especially with regard to the cupa, or pyx, which is distinct enough in the manuscript itself.

It may not be uninteresting to compare a very perfect and magnificent existing German altar with what we know of that at Westminster Abbey. The altar in question is in the Minster Church of St. Catullus, at Moosberg, near Munich. This superb work is dated 1462, and was given to the church by Duke Louis the Rich of Bavaria. With the exception of the altar itself and its dorsal, the whole is carved in fine red pine wood, most richly coloured and gilt, and stands about seventy feet high. The canopy projects forward so as to form a triangular baldacchino, over which is a rood, and the whole is crowned with pinnacles and niches. Notwithstanding the immense elaboration of the baldacchino and reredos, the altar itself and its dorsal are perfectly unadorned, because the former was intended to receive the lower frontal and the latter the upper frontal. Immediately below the baldacchino two angels hold up a crown, and two other angels are kneeling on either side lower down. I think there can be little doubt that the chains of the pyx were suspended from this crown, and the pyx itself was upon a level with the kneeling angels. In the Cathedral of Ratisbon, all the side altars, seven in number, have Gothic baldacchinos over them, but the high altar, which is an Italian work, of silver, has neither baldacchino, tabernacle, nor antependium, and is in every respect the most unliturgical altar I have ever seen. It is usually covered over with a kind of wooden case, which is made in the ordinary form of a Roman altar.

There is one article of altar furniture which I must describe, because it is frequently mentioned in old English inventories, and that is the "super-altar," but I must point out that the word is used in quite a different sense to that often ascribed to it at the present day. It was neither gradine nor dorsal, but a separate feature altogether. In the inventory of old St. Paul's we read :

"Superaltare de jaspide, ornatum capsâ argentea deaurata, et dedicata in honorem Beatæ Mariæ et omnium Virginum." Of course this could not have been a candle-step; in fact, it was undoubtedly a "portable altar," or what the Germans call a "trag-altar." A magnificent one is still to be seen in Paderborn Cathedral, which dates from the twelfth century; it is about the size of a fairly thick folio volume, and consists of a grey marble altar-stone mounted upon a framework of gold, about six inches high; the sides are ornamented with statuettes of saints standing in an arcade. I was informed that this is still used, and is taken about to some of the villages in the diocese where the Catholics are too few or too poor to build churches. A room is lent or hired, and this "trag-altar" is placed upon any ordinary table and Mass said upon it. In olden times our great Cathedrals were a long while building, and no doubt some of the side chapels were completed before the main edifice. When they were used temporary altars were probably erected, and this "super-altar" placed upon them, just as an unfixed altar-stone is at the present day placed upon the altars of unconsecrated churches; so that the title, "super-altar," instead of being applied to the candle-ledge, should be given to the portable altar-stone. You will remember that, in speaking about the old altars at Ripon, I referred to the fact that they were only two feet eight inches high. Now, if a portable altar were placed upon them, they would be three feet or more high. Possibly, the small low altars were not consecrated, and were mere basements to support the "super-altar," which would also account for their rude construction.

I will now read you an account of the high altar of Durham Cathedral, given in an old work called the *Antiquities of Durham Abbey*, compiled from ancient manuscripts and records.

In the east end of the quire, joining upon St. Cuthbert's feretory, stood the high altar, the goodliest in all the church: being a very rich thing with many precious and costly ornaments appertaining to it. . . . Betwixt the said high altar and St. Cuthbert's feretory was all of French pierre (Caen stone), curiously wrought, both on the outside and the inside, with fair images of alabaster and gilt; being called in the ancient history the "Lardose," the said . . . Lardose reaching to the height of the middle vault, and extending in length the full width of the choir. [This Lardose is the remarkably beautiful altar-screen, which still exists, but without its statues.] In the midst whereof, right

over the high altar, were artificially placed, in very fair alabaster, the picture of our Lady standing in the midst, and the picture of St. Cuthbert on one side and the picture of St. Oswald on the other, all richly gilt, and at either end of this altar was a wand of iron fastened to the wall, whereon hung curtains or hangings of white silk daily. The daily ornaments that were hung both before the altar and above, were of red velvet, with great flowers in embroydry work, with many pictures very farely gilt. But the ornaments for the principal feast, the Assumption of our Lady, were all of white damask beset with pearls and precious stones, which made the ornaments more glorious to behold. . . . Within the said quire, over the high altar, hung a rich and most sumptuous canopy, for the Blessed Sacrament to hang within it, which had two irons fastened in the French pierre (altar-screen), very finely gilt, which held the canopy over the midst of the said high altar, that the pyx hung in so that it could not move nor stir. [This was, of course, to keep the pyx from swaying about.] Whereon stood a pelican, all of silver, upon the height of the said canopy, very finely gilt, giving her blood to her young ones, in token that Christ gave His Blood for the sins of the world, and it was goodly to behold for the Blessed Sacrament to hang in, and the pyx wherin the Blessed Sacrament hung was of most pure gold, curiously wrought with goldsmith's work, and the white cloth which hung over the pyx was of very fine lawn, all embroyderd and wrought about with gold and red silk, and four great round knobs of gold curiously wrought, with great tassalls of gold and red silk hung at them, and the four corners of the white lawn cloth and the crook that hung within the cloth that the pyx hung upon was of gold, and the cord that drew it up and down was made of fine white silk. . . . Also there were pertaining to the said high altar . . . two great silver candlesticks, double gilt, for two tapers very finely wrought, . . . and other two silver candlesticks for every days service—parcel gilt. . . . Before the high altar, within the choir above-mentioned, were three fine silver basons hanging in chains of silver, one on the south side above the steps going up to the high altar, the second on the north side opposite to the first, the third in the midst between them both, just before the high altar. These three silver basons had latten basons within them, having pricks for serges or great waxen candles to stand on, the latten basons being to receive the drops of the three candles which burned day and night in token that the house was always watching to God. There was also another silver bason hanging in silver chainse before the Sacrament of the afore said high altar, but nearer to the said altar than the others, hanging almost over the priest's back, which was only lighted during Mass, and that ended extinguished.

Now, it will be seen at once that in our English churches, as was also the case with those of Germany and Spain, the architectural glory of the altar was generally its reredos. At Durham,

Winchester, St. Albans, Christchurch (Hants), St. Mary Overy's, now St. Saviour, Southwark, this was certainly the case, and in the Churches of St. Cuthbert, Wells, Whithamstead, Worcester Cathedral, Worsted, Norfolk, are remains of the reredoses which show that in this country such features were not less magnificent than they still are in some German churches, where the mediæval reredoses have been allowed to remain. In the German churches they are simply superb. I have already alluded to those at Xanten, but within some eight or ten miles of that stately Minster is a plain, ordinary parish church, at a place called Calcar, a simple brick building which no one, judging from the exterior, would think worth looking at, yet, having fortunately escaped the hideous modernizations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it is, owing to its grand old Gothic reredoses, one of the most attractive and interesting interiors in Europe! and I have little doubt, from the few fragments which still exist, that our ordinary parish churches in England before the Reformation presented as beautiful an aspect as does the church at Calcar. Why is it that old Gothic reredoses are almost invariably beautiful, and Renaissance ones often clumsy, hideous, and ill-designed, though the former are often of wood—the exquisite example at Moosbury is simply of common pine wood—and the latter are often of costly marble and bronze gilt? There are exceptions, I grant. The reredos of the high altar of the church of Hal, near Brussels, and the side altars of the Church of Our Lady at Treves, of the Churches of St. Jacques, the Dominicans, St. Andrew at Antwerp, of Ochsenforth and Ingoldstadt in Bavaria, of several churches in Bruges and Ghent, are as fine as the Gothic examples, and, although in Gothic churches, enhance the beauty of those buildings, and I for one regret that some of these have been recently removed to make way for poor modern Gothic ones. Yet on the whole it must be acknowledged that Renaissance reredoses are generally clumsy, unmeaning structures, overloaded with inartistic sculpture, utterly worthless pictures, and ornaments of the most trivial and paltry description! Why this should be I am at a loss to understand. There is nothing in the Renaissance style to account for it, and there is no reason why the more modern styles of sculpture and painting should not lend themselves just as well to the adornment of altars as the more ancient ones, in fact, they ought to be even more striking; but it somehow or other happens that the majority of

Renaissance reredoses fail completely, and are not only ugly in themselves, but are positive disfigurements to the churches which they ought to adorn. I think that one reason is that they are out of scale and that their component parts are not sufficiently kept subordinate to the general design, a defect which in all styles is certain to produce coarseness and clumsiness, for directly you make the columns and cornices of a reredos as large as those of the main structure of the church itself, common sense dictates that you are perpetrating an absurdity, because the columns should be in proportion to the weight they have to sustain, and the entablature should be in proportion to the columns which support it. Whereas you often see in Renaissance altars columns large enough to bear up a building five stories high! whereas, in fact, they have simply to support a crown of open work, which might just as well be held in position by an iron rod as thick as your thumb!

However, our good Catholic forefathers were not troubled by such questions. And if by what I have said I have enabled you to form some slight idea of the extraordinary magnificence of the altars of our ancient English churches, of the lavish generosity of Englishmen before the Reformation, and of the reverence displayed towards the Blessed Sacrament by our ancestors in Catholic times, my task has accomplished its object and my work its end.

H. W. BREWER

Rus in Urbe.

DUCKS AND DRAKES.

OF July the 15th, 1666, Mr. Samuel Pepys records, in his famous diary: "Walked in the park, and there—it being mighty hot, and I weary—lay down by the canal."

The park in question was St. James', wherein, ten years before, had grazed the milch kine of "Mrs. Joan Cromwell," the thrifty dame who held in domestic subjection the Lord Protector of England. The "canal," was the ornamental water, to which, in the phraseology of the time, this term was appropriate, as Pope afterwards wrote of Hampton Court, when the issue of a game of cards had elated a certain Miss Belinda—

The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky,
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

The same name, though not in connection with exactly the same thing, has been immortalized, and that in a manner peculiarly suitable to the title of this paper, by another individual famous in literature, who resembled Pope in his power of saying spiteful things in the most pointed way possible. Voltaire, when questioned as to his impressions of the Netherlands, summed them up in his vitriolic fashion in three words, *Canaux, canards, canaille*, and were he to visit our park at the present day, he would undoubtedly associate the second item, at least, of this description, with the "canal" beside which Mr. Pepys reposed.

This is distinguished, amongst the numerous sheets of water adorning our London parks, as the special home of water-fowl. There are birds, no doubt, elsewhere, and in some instances, as on the Serpentine, they are numerous, and the dweller in the metropolis can scarcely grow up with ideas concerning them so vague, as to explain—like a girl in a provincial city, when being examined in domestic economy—that the duck has an awkward, waddling gait, due to the fact that its hind legs are

longer than the fore. But it is one thing to have many birds, and another to have a variety of species, and it is in this latter respect that our "canal" is pre-eminent. Moreover, its character is such as to afford most excellent opportunities for observation, its various denizens being not only always within easy sight, but growing exceedingly tame and familiar, since they soon come to regard human beings as an unfailing agency for the supply of food. In consequence of this condition of things, Londoners have it in their power to study at leisure sundry creatures which, in their native state, are the shyest and most wary, and to learn much regarding them which is hidden from most men who spend their lives in the midst of wild-fowl, but do not care to look at them except along the barrel of a gun.

For the present, it will be well to confine our attention to members of the tribe of ducks, and amongst them particularly to such as habitually frequent the British isles, either breeding with us, or at least visiting our shores in the winter season.

The first place in this family naturally belongs to the mallard, or wild duck, a bird somewhat unfortunate in the matter of nomenclature, for while the name "mallard" is sometimes applied distinctively to the drake, that of "wild duck" appears similarly appropriate to his partner; moreover, the term "duck," or "wild duck," is not unfrequently used to denote all wild members of the tribe.

The "mallard," using the term in its broader sense, for both sexes, is undoubtedly the parent of our domestic ducks, and of other varieties similarly produced by artificial selection in other lands. Hence, of all the birds in the St. James' waters, there is none of which it is more difficult to find a pure typical specimen, by reason of its perpetual intercrossing with its relatives, which, however near of kin, are quite different as to plumage, the "black Indians," in particular, being responsible for many variations. There are, however, a few genuine mallards, both drakes and ducks, which may without difficulty be recognized—the drake by his glossy green head and neck, with a white ring below the green, the deep chestnut of the breast and shoulders, and the delicate mottling of the greys with which he is chiefly clad; the duck by her neat and becoming garb of brown and black. Both sexes have on each wing a "speculum" of brilliant green, that of the male being tinged with purple.

In speaking of the plumage of ducks, however, a curious and very remarkable qualification has to be made. By a

singular law, which has no counterpart amongst any other birds, the male, for a certain portion of each year, doffs all his finery, and dons the sober garb of his mate, so as to be indistinguishable from her. Still more anomalous is the fact, that during the same period he sheds the flight-feathers of his wings, thus becoming comparatively helpless, so that he has to consult for his safety by retiring and skulking in solitude, and this just at the time when the care of his young family would seem most imperatively to demand his services. This remarkable "eclipse," as Waterton styled it, extends, from first to last, over more than four months, commencing before June begins, and being not entirely ended till October. Although, in the park, the birds undergoing it are not compelled to withdraw and hide themselves, it is not to be expected that many observers will be able to follow its various phases; indeed, in the middle period, when the metamorphosis is complete, none but a practised eye will be able to distinguish between drake and duck, the former having lost his green and grey, and even the "whisks" of his tail, his most characteristic appendage, and differing from his partner only in the slightly darker hue of his sombre disguise.

But if this transformation cannot well be followed in the open, even under conditions so favourable, it can be observed at any season, and with the greatest facility, in the Natural History Museum, an admirable case lately set up in the central hall being devoted to its illustration. There are to be seen a series of groups illustrating the mallard's yearly history. On the 1st of January, we see the two sexes in their characteristic costumes, and on the 1st of March no change is observable. On the 1st of June, the drake's moult has begun, the green of his head and neck being clouded with brown feathers breaking through it, and the like appear in other parts. On the 1st of July, the moult of the body is far advanced, but that of the flight-feathers of the wing has not commenced. On the 15th, however, this has come with a rush, all their quills being shed, leaving the bird as helpless as though he were pinioned. On the 1st of August, the parents and a pair of young ones are all alike in feather—that is, like the normal plumage of the female. On the 26th, the old birds are still as like as two rooks. On September 10th, the drake is beginning to emerge from the shadow of the eclipse, and some symptoms appear of his returning bravery of apparel. On the 1st of October, a young drake is acquiring and an old one is resuming masculine attire. On November the 1st and December

the 1st the latter is just as we first saw him on New Year's day.

What makes this strange process still more anomalous is the fact that the ducks do not moult till the autumn, when their young no longer claim their care.

The mallard is a surface duck, that is to say, the top of the water is his habitual resort, and he seeks his food only at such a moderate depth as can be reached without diving, or on mud-banks, or dry land. Several other ducks which we meet in St. James' Park resemble him in this respect. Of these the most notable is the wigeon, smaller than the mallard, and easily identified by a cream-coloured patch, or streak, on the forehead and above it, amid the rich chestnut of the head and neck. This is *par excellence* the duck of the sportsman, and has been said to occupy the same place in the estimation of wild-fowlers as does the fox in that of huntsmen. Not unnaturally the wigeon is the shyest and wariest of wild fowl, but it is more gregarious than any other species, and the large flocks which assemble to feed on the flats of the coast offer a fine mark for a duck-gun. The wigeon has a most unducklike note, in the shape of a shrill whistle, the effect of which, when heard amidst proper surroundings, is very wild and weird. A pair of wigeon, with their nest, are shown in the Natural History Museum, near the middle of the bird gallery.

Another duck, very similar in its habits, is the teal, the bantam of its tribe, easily known by its diminutive size, and the elongated patch of glossy green which diversifies the chestnut of the drake's head. Small birds, as a rule, are tamer than large ones, and the teal is the tamest of our wild ducks. It is an exceedingly pretty and dapper little creature, but in the park its boldness is not justified, for the keeper informs me that those put in the water are quickly exterminated, the nocturnal cat being the probable exterminator. In the bird gallery of the Natural History Museum are to be seen, almost immediately upon entering, a pair of teal, with a nest of eight eggs. This nest is remarkable for an element not usually observable in birds of this family, namely, that of artistic design, being carefully lined with black down, each feather of which has a light centre, producing a very beautiful effect.

Another bird worthy of our attention is the shoveller, of which a couple of pairs are at present in the pond. The drake clothes himself in a very striking garb, wherein pale and

delicate tints, on the wings and upper parts, are strongly contrasted with the rich green of the head and neck, and deep chestnut of the breast. What is most characteristic is that whence the bird gets its name, the shovel-like beak, expanding at its extremity into a kind of spoon, and furnished round its edges with a comb-like fringe of *laminae*. Such an implement stamps its possessor as a dabbler in mud, and as the kind of food found in such a situation is, from man's point of view, the best for a duck, it is not surprising that the shoveller should be pronounced superior for table purposes even to the renowned canvas-back of America. A pair of shovellers, and nest with eight eggs, are seen in the Natural History Museum, just beyond the teals above described.

If the shoveller be distinguished by the bold scheme of colour with which he bedecks himself, another duck, the pintail, is equally remarkable for his grace of form, which, as in other cases, appears to be accompanied by a considerable amount of aristocratic *hauteur*, for we do not find him in the very mixed company which gathers where food is to be had, and have to seek him in the more quiet and secluded nooks and corners of the water. Plainly dressed, so far as colours are concerned, the pintail is easily identified by the feature which has gained him the title of "sea pheasant," as well as that by which he is commonly described, the two middle tail-feathers being greatly prolonged, and forming a sharp point. He is likewise distinguishable by his bronze-brown head, with a white stripe down the neck on each side, extending to the white of the breast. He is an expert diver, though not a diving-duck in the same sense as those we are now about to consider.

It is not on the surface of the water nor on land alone that wild-fowl find sustenance, and a large number of ducks earn their livelihood by diving. Some there are which feed on small marine animals found floating in the water itself, and of these we naturally find no specimens in the park, for they are sea-birds, which can thrive far from the shore in blue water. Others, however, are bottom feeders, and are accordingly restricted to waters not more than two or three fathoms deep, and of these it is not difficult to find representatives, and to watch their habits. It has been observed by Lord Grimthorpe, that the means whereby nature provides for an object are frequently the very reverse of what we should have imagined. The mole and the worm, destined to penetrate the earth, instead of being harder

than our spades and plough-shares, are as soft as velvet or a piece of damp worsted. Similarly, we should naturally anticipate that a bird destined for diving would be built on the lines of a fish-spear or a torpedo, but, instead of this, these diving ducks are remarkable for their stout, squat, heavy-looking figures. One of them is easily identified. Let the observer look for a bird which as it swims, the only position in which it will be observed, appears to be entirely black, but for a large oval patch of pure white on its flanks. It has a fiery yellow eye, and a small plume at the back of its head. This is the male tufted-duck; in the female, the black and white alike degenerate towards brown. Though they seem to care little for the food constantly provided by kind-hearted visitors, the tufted-ducks are constantly to be found amongst the crowd of their companions which clamour and struggle for it by the bridge, but this is apparently merely for the sake of company, and while the rest of the assembly are intent upon bits of bread, the tufted-ducks ever and anon disappear with a vigorous plunge, as if actuated by a spring, yet without splash or commotion, and may be observed down below searching for weeds or mollusks, till presently they shoot to the surface again, so suddenly and so quietly as to escape observation, if we are not specially on the lookout for their re-appearance.

In the museum, a case of tufted-ducks, with their nest, is placed near that of the wigeon. Here it may be seen that what seems but a white spot in the swimming bird, is in reality a portion of the colour which pervades the greater part of the under surface. In life, however, as has been remarked, the bird is not likely to be seen except swimming, as it is most thoroughly aquatic in its habits and appears to prefer to sleep afloat. It may sometimes be seen with its beak tucked under its wing for a nap while its legs still paddle away, on which occasions it appears, like the British lion in the song, to sleep with but one eyelid shut, keeping a sufficient lookout to steer clear of the shore, to say nothing of possible danger.

Very closely allied to the tufted-duck is the pochard, which resembles it in form, and also in the general scheme according to which its colours are distributed, though the colours themselves are very different, the pochard's head being of a deep chestnut, while the upper parts, black in its cousin, are finely freckled with black and white. But there is a spot on the flanks, of greyish white, of exactly the same size and character

as that which forms so marked a feature of the other species, and no one who observes this and couples it with the close similarity of build, can fail to connect the birds together. The pochard has the unfortunate reputation of affording the best eating of any diving duck, to counterbalance this, however, he possesses a quality which goes far to obviate its evil effects. As is well known, ducks of all species are largely taken by means of decoys. A large tube, or pipe, opening from a piece of water on which they are wont to congregate, is artfully constructed so as to lead into a trap net, which cannot be seen till it is close at hand. Into this pipe the ducks are allured, partly by means of treacherous decoy birds, partly by food scattered on the water, and partly by a fatal curiosity prompting them to take interest in the movements of a little dog, especially if he be of a "foxy" colour. An animal of this description, trained for the work, runs up the side of the pipe, showing himself at intervals. The wild-fowl follow him in great excitement. When they have proceeded far enough, the dog's master, who has been hidden behind a screen, shows himself between them and the open water. The sight creates a panic, and all is lost. The victims hurry wildly up the pipe, away from the terrible apparition, and quickly find themselves entangled in the fatal meshes of the net. That is to say, other kinds of ducks act thus, but not pochards; when the man makes his appearance they at once grasp the situation, and resolutely turning back, make their way to the open water and safety, which they do, not by flying, but by diving. Thus they usually contrive to escape, and are but seldom captured in a decoy. Occasionally, however, even they appear to lose their heads, and though still seeking to make their way back, instead of the water betake themselves to the air. In the confined space at their disposal, such an attempt is usually not a success, and they share the fate of their less astute brethren.

Besides the common pochard, there are likewise found on the park water the red-headed and the crested pochard, sufficiently like him to be recognized as his relatives, and sufficiently distinguished by the features from which they are named.

All the birds hitherto mentioned resemble the mallard in the summer moult, of which we have spoken, and though the season of it does not of course agree exactly with his, the drakes for a period of the year assume in each case the

plumage of the female bird ; as do likewise our domesticated varieties.

But there remains another duck yet to be considered which does not observe this rule, his exceptional behaviour in this respect, being taken by ornithologists as a proof that he is half a goose. This is the sheldrake, or shelduck, as some call him, in a somewhat futile endeavour to find a name which does not prejudge the question of sex. Of sheldrakes there are various species represented in the park, only one of which is a British bird, remaining with us all the year round. This, as a rule, like the pintail, holds aloof from its congeners, and may be known by its large size, another goose-like quality, but still more easily by what has been well styled the curious guinea-pig arrangement of three colours, black, white, and red, by which its plumage is marked. The male and female dress alike, which may at first sight appear to explain why the former cannot be said to alter his costume in summer-time. He does not, however, moult at all at that season, nor lose his power of flight. The sheldrake burrows in the earth for nesting purposes, or appropriates the burrow of a rabbit to save trouble. His relative, the ruddy-sheldrake, will easily be recognized.

The birds on the St. James' water are not pinioned, unless an exceptionally vicious individual be found to require such treatment, and are accordingly free to fly. They avail themselves of this power to a large extent, not only visiting the Serpentine, but occasionally extending their explorations as far as the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens. But they are never known to patronize the Thames, which being so near, might be expected to attract them. Their guardian explains the fact by remarking that they have far more sense than people give them credit for, and although some never return from their excursions, he is of opinion that fewer are thus lost than would be killed were they crippled in their wings.

We have confined our attention, almost exclusively, to British ducks. A word may be said in conclusion of a brilliant little fellow who is sure to attract the attention of observers. This is the Carolina duck, resplendent in a coat of many colours, who is sure to thrust himself upon our notice. A curious instance of the vagaries resulting from artificial conditions was furnished some time ago by a Carolina drake, who insisted on consorting with a vulgar common duck. To terminate such a *mésalliance*, the poor duck was shot, whereupon he promptly

attached himself to another of the same kind, utterly neglecting eligible partners of his own species. When three ducks had been sacrificed, and he proceeded to select a fourth on the same principle, it was thought well to desist from the fruitless endeavour to inspire him with saner counsels. This, however, I am assured, is an exceptional case. As a rule, the birds restrict themselves to alliances within the proper limits, and although some species succeed less well than others in their domestic arrangements, numerous broods of various ducklings are annually reared, in spite of cats and rats, and all the other perils inseparable from the unnatural position in which they find themselves.

RURICOLA.

Gilbert Franklin, Curate.

CHAPTER III.

INTRODUCING GILBERT FRANKLIN.

SUNDAY morning in a "bush township;" the bush predominant, as yet, the "township" incipient at best—or at worst, according to taste. The lover of nature would have said "at worst," there being too much of man's handiwork to please him; the lover of civilization—so called, for want of a better name—would have declared the bush too much in evidence. There the township was, however, very much resembling all other pioneer townships on the borders of "civilization." Not much like a "fashionable resort" in older lands; Scarborough would have disowned it, Newport, Rhode Island, would have denied its claims. A Scotch moor-hamlet would have appeared grand compared to it; but, for all that, Jericho Plains was a fashionable place, "for the Colonies," as Mrs. Boyes patronizingly expressed it. It was not beautiful, certainly, in itself; there are those who maintain that "civilization" is, and always must be, out of harmony with Nature.

But the "bush" was beautiful still; even the clearings and houses, and the numerous dead trees, ringbarked, and left to fall of themselves, all the marks of man's dominion, could not altogether spoil the beauty of the scene. "Civilization" is not attractive in its earlier stages, however interesting a study it may be to the philosopher—cynic, stoic, peripatetic—in its decay, it is still less beautiful, even if still more interesting—as a subject of academic discussion. It is not a brilliant success, at the best of times; a necessary evil, so they say, who study Nature in her many moods. "God made the country," and man does his best to "improve" the Divine ideals.

The "bush" is the home of silence; that, at least, man cannot destroy, or at all events, for a time. He can only change silence into solitude, by banishing the rightful denizens of the bush kingdom; that, apparently, is a tribute to his own

superiority over the "lower animals." In due time, he will turn the bush into timber, and the timber into money, living gaily and complacently on the capital provided by Nature—while it lasts. Thereafter follow the noise, turmoil, and "enjoyments" of "civilized humanity." Bricks and mortar stand in the place of trees, crowded streets for forest spaces, discord for peace; for solitude, a hurrying rush of many feet; for silence, the tumultuous "struggle for existence." God's handiwork is blotted out, man's masterpiece of "civilization" is complete.

As yet, the bush remains the principal feature of the scene, and the silence still unbroken, and a very Sabbath stillness. But not for long. Presently, over the feathery wattles and giant gum-trees the breeze bears a note, harsh, jangling, and discordant. Man loves to make his feelings and his presence known by dint of noise. Even his religion—or his outward observances—seem, at times, out of harmony with Nature; he calls his neighbours together to worship Nature's God by ringing a cracked, unmelodious bell. Only one, as yet; though that one is bad enough; by-and-bye, there will be twenty.

The school itself, to which the bell belonged, was a long, low, wooden building, guiltless of ornament, the only "place of worship" of which the township boasted, notwithstanding the popularity of the place in summer. It was "Catholic" in one sense at least, if not in the sense theological dear to controversialists; as were the people—for the present. It was "served" alternately by the Anglican "parson" from Raymond Hill, by a Presbyterian minister from Launceston, and by a Methodist "local preacher." Each ministered to one and the same congregation. In course of time, with advancing "civilization," the "zeal" of the different sects would provide churches for their flocks, however scanty; parson, minister, and preacher, no longer courteous friends, but jealous rivals, would each compass sea and land to make one proselyte. Families would be divided, and neighbours estranged, by "religious" differences—"to the greater glory of God."

To-day, the attendance promised to be more numerous than usual. The bush-dweller is fairly religious, but not overburdened with piety, custom is strong, but the attractions of a morning gossip—and pipe—under the shade of a gum-tree trunk are often stronger. But any hint of novelty will outweigh the charms of pipe, gum-trunk, and gossip, so the "church"—as it was called on Sundays—seemed likely to be crowded. A good many

visitors had arrived, that was one source of attraction; the dwellers in cities are a source of much curious interest to their country neighbours—or were, in Jericho Plains. But rumour, slow and leisurely, as became a bush township, but none the less sure, had spread some news which promised a novelty even greater than the arrival of some thirty or forty visitors.

It was the "parson's" turn, but that gentleman was confined to his bed with a broken leg, the result of a midnight ride to visit a sick baby—afterwards the most healthy child in the parish. But his reverence, though somewhat "lax" in the matter of friendly intercourse with "Dissenters," was too consistent a churchman to forego, if he could help it, the all-too-scanty privileges of Mother Church in favour of Presbyterian or of Methodist, so he wrote to the Dean of Launceston to help him out. The Dean proved worthy of the confidence reposed in him; hence the rumour, traced, ultimately, to Mr. Wallace, the chief churchwarden. "A new Episcopal minister," a young man, lately out from "home"—so do, or did, Tasmanians and Australians speak of England, though advancing "democracy" may have changed all that—was to preach.

"They do say," said Mr. Wallace to his neighbour, and fellow-functionary, Mr. Smith, with the peculiarly complacent air of a man who imparts information possessed by himself alone, "that he's a Jesuit or a Puseyite, or some of those new names"—Puseyite was a "new" name to bush-dwellers in Tasmania later than 1875. Mr. Wallace said this as one who knew all about it.

"Do they?" said Smith, apparently quite unmoved by this startling intelligence. Wallace was postmaster and a clever man, but Smith was not going to admit that Wallace knew more than he did. "What do you think about it?" he asked, quite coolly, as if he too knew perfectly well all that these mysterious names implied.

"Well, he slept at my house," answered Wallace, "and he didn't seem anyway different to other folk. He's a parson sure enough, though he does call himself a deacon."

Sad effects of intercourse with "Dissenters!" A "deacon" to Wallace, and to Smith, "sound churchmen" both, conveyed the image of a Presbyterian church-officer—chiefly concerned with collections—not of a "parson" of the Church. Smith longed to ask, "What's that for?" but refrained. Wallace knew a lot; too much, Smith was inclined to think. He knew something about

many things, and contrived to appear "as cocksure about everything as Tom Macaulay," gaining thereby a reputation for wisdom—not a solitary instance, by any means. But envy dogs the path of men superior to the common crowd; Smith, and some few others, would never yield due homage to Robert Wallace's reputation for wisdom. Envy dwells even in a "bush" Arcadia!

Smith's vanity—or jealousy—caused him to remain in ignorance as to why a "parson" should call himself a "deacon;" but a man cannot know everything. "Anyway," he answered, quietly, as if he understood the matter quite as well as Wallace—which is quite possible, though he had not the satisfaction of knowing it—and did not consider it worth further discussion, "the Dean sent him from Launceston, and he knows his own business best. I've often wished to hear a real live Puseyite."

"So have I," Wallace was neighbourly enough to admit, "though folks say they're little better than Papists, when all's said and done."

"Well, I don't hold with Papists," answered Smith, "nor yet with Dissenters." Here was an opportunity to assert the orthodoxy of his "churchmanship," not to be missed.

"Every man for himself," returned Wallace, who thought the allusion unneighbourly—his own wife being a Presbyterian—of the strictest kind.

"That's as it may be," was the tart rejoinder, the *odium theologicum* coming to the aid of intellectual envy. "I'm a churchman myself, and I don't care who knows it."

"Suit yourself," and Wallace turned on his heel; it was beneath the dignity of a township postmaster to quarrel about religious differences. But his neighbours, who were more zealous, thought him lax, so hard is it to suit everybody. However, he had the full credit of having started the report about "the Puseyite deacon."

Hence the unusual congregation which filled the little school-room to overflowing, a mingling of visitors from Launceston and other towns, with bush farmers, township tradesmen, and their wives. The flavour of possible "Papistry"—disguised as "Puseyism"—lent quite a zest to the feelings of these last, especially of those to whom it was, theologically, an "abomination." Surely there is nothing so attractive to human nature as something "forbidden." They would have fainted—the women at least—at the sight of a "Popish priest," women

being always the keenest of partisans, theological or political, but every one of them flocked to hear a "Puseyite" who was "little better than a Papist;" and each one sighed at the "sad back-sliding" of her neighbours. Such is human nature.

The Archdeacon and his family, who had arrived the night before, and who were, of course, ignorant of the mixed motives which drew so many people to church, were pleasantly surprised at so much piety in a bush parish. Mrs. Boyes was, in addition, almost to the exclusion of any spiritual pleasure in a spectacle so very edifying, annoyed at the "want of proper respect" which condemned her to sit on a bench—a painfully low one, intended for infants—at the very bottom of the school. But Tasmanians are shockingly democratic, and neither her own British birth, her social position—which they did not know—nor her husband's archidiaconal rank, had any weight with the natives of Jericho Plains. It is to be feared that Mrs. Boyes did not profit, as she might or should have done, by the services of the morning.

These were of a somewhat primitive description, ritual being a thing unknown in this bush township. Miss Hunter, the schoolmaster's daughter, began with a "Voluntary." The harmonium was old, squeaky, and out of tune; the playing ambitious, and somewhat uncertain. The result was dubious, to say the least of it; it was torture to ears refined—to the people of the township, the finest of music. They did not understand it, in the very least, but it was "home-raised," and they were honestly proud of it.

Presently the "Puseyite" emerged from the recess that was called a cupboard on week-days, and a "vestry" on Sundays, by the parson, if not by any one else. He made an "obeisance," in passing, to the little temporary "altar," which his country congregation simply did not understand. But they understood, only too well, the cross of wild flowers which zeal without (local) knowledge had misled the "deacon" to put up on "the table." To the more zealous Protestants the Cross, for some utterly inexplicable reason, savoured of rankest and most insidious "Popery;" they expected to witness Mass at the very least, if not open idolatry.

Tall, thin, clean-shaven, with blue eyes, and close-cropped fair hair; a mobile mouth, sensitive, if not weak, a good forehead—that was Edith's first impression of the "charming, handsome, clever young man," the son of her father's old friend.

Such was the impression, more or less distinct of the rest of the congregation. The strange being, so far, was very much like other people. True, his surplice was narrow and short, not full, long, and flowing, like that of the parson from Raymond Hill, and terminated in a strange black garment, such as they had never seen. His "scarf" was of a peculiar shape too; coloured, moreover, and not black; worn across his chest, not over his shoulders, like that of the parson, and "actually a cross, my dear, worked in gold, at the ends." Nothing escapes the eye of the feminine controversialist.

The Archdeacon watched him closely. He was interested in the son of his old friend, anxious to study him in every possible way. Everything, even to the *mise-en-scène*, if such an expression be permissible, was in Franklin's favour. Reverent, devout, earnest, the white surplice and M.A. hood "set him off" as it were. Trifles, doubtless, but trifles count for more in our daily life than we are inclined to realize. But the Archdeacon prided himself on being a judge of character. In spite of the blunder, if such it was, which had led him to choose Miss Macgregor as partner for life, he still claimed "physiognomy" as a favourite study. So he watched Franklin's face all through the service, somewhat to the disadvantage, possibly, of his own prayers, striving to form some satisfactory estimate of the young man's character. He found it a more difficult task than he had expected; the face seemed to be a congeries of incompatible contrasts. The high forehead bespoke intellectuality—if such signs really do mean anything—the mobile, sensitive mouth seemed to indicate indecision at least, if not a sensuous nature; yet the chin meant firmness, if ever a chin did; and the whole expression of the face contradicted the possible sensuousness of the mouth. It was the face of an enthusiast, a martyr, or a possible persecutor—true earnestness and bigotry are surely allied to each other—of one who would die, or deliver up others to death, rather than yield one iota of his convictions. Altogether, a face difficult to define or to understand, a character worthy of longer and closer study.

"Certainly, I shall study him very closely, for his own sake, as well as for his father's," was the Archdeacon's conclusion; then he resumed his devotions with a less divided attention, which was no more than his duty.

"Oh, I'm so glad I came," thought Edith, and then blushed, remembering her own wonder about her father's mention of this

young man as an attraction to Jericho Plains. "Could he have meant——" She put the thought resolutely aside.

"Too handsome, by a great deal," Mrs. Boyes decided, sooner than her husband reached his decision. Whether it were pious attention to her prayers, or merely a quicker sense of intuition, it were invidious to say. She added, mentally: "I wish George were a dozen years younger;" her plans being always clear and distinct in her own mind.

At seeing a priest among his congregation, Franklin paused and seemed to hesitate. This little tribute to the dignity of his office did not escape the Archdeacon's notice. Yet he was glad that it was now too late to make a change; glad that the Dean had been "not at home" when he called, on his way through Launceston, from the steamer to the train. Besides, he felt the need of a holiday, or thought he did. Just now he wanted, for many reasons, to hear this young man preach.

Is a story a suitable environment for a sermon? A difficult question to answer, but there is something to be said in the affirmative. At the outset there is another matter to be decided: are "spiritual matters" incongruous in a story of daily life? They are, surely, a real part of daily life, or should be; can any story claim to be a complete picture of human words, thoughts, and actions, of men and women, not merely of shadows with names, which omits any part, large or small, trifling or important, of the life of human nature? These are thoughts not easy to express clearly; but the defence is surely valid. We pass, in daily life, from prayers to play, and back again, with no sense of incongruity in what we do; there should be none, if our prayers are genuine, if our play be innocent. Our prayers form part of our character. Surely, "Gilbert Franklin, Curate," without one sermon, or at least his text, would be a mere shadow, not a reality.

"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." Obedience, unquestioning, uncomplaining, unwearying, unremitting—that was his subject, the essence of his sermon. It was surely an indication of character and of bent of mind, or else hypocrisy or self-deception. But the words had a ringing fervour, a convincing earnestness that made hypocrisy impossible; the "dourest" Presbyterian spinster would never have thought it, were he a Jesuit, instead of only a Puseyite. Self-deception it might be; but the kindling eyes, the smile, the man's whole manner, showed that he was no blind enthusiast, but rather a

keen, earnest thinker, young as he was. His country congregation had never heard anything like it; they forgot all about Puseyism, Popery, and idolatry, and simply listened. "Obedience, as the test of the reality of faith, obedience, as He Himself obeyed."

It was a proof of his power, wonderful in one so young, so little trained, that he could carry his hearers, city visitors and bush-farmers and tradesmen, Churchmen, Presbyterians, Methodists, all with himself; swaying their wills, their emotions; convincing them—for the moment, if not for always—in spite of prejudice, of carelessness, of that bitterest of all opposition, theological difference. Carry them, before they knew, over dangerous ground, and *almost* persuade them to think as he did.

"Obedience, as He Himself obeyed; knowing from the moment of His human birth, knowing from all eternity, what obedience would bring upon Him. 'I come, to do Thy will.' In all things; that was His obedience to His Father. But there was another obedience of which we are reminded, by our text, His obedience to His Mother. Perfect Man, a model of filial obedience, as of all other virtues; 'subject unto them.' If we love Him, and follow Him, must we not love her too? reverence her as He did? How can we love and honour Him, unless we love and honour her, by His example?"

It was over, and the congregation breathed more freely; the Archdeacon gave a sigh of relief, yet half-sadly, as well. "All very well for some 'extreme' church in Oxford or in London; this good young man must temper zeal with knowledge, with the experience of his elders, or he would get into trouble. The cross of flowers was well enough, but this—why, he would be accused of worshipping the Blessed Virgin. And then?—either he would be driven into the opposite extreme, or else—not Rome! anything but that! it would put an end to—a little plan that had occurred to him, on his way to call on the Bishop. Yes, he must certainly talk to this young man—for his own sake as well as—well, the sake of that little plan." So his thoughts travelled.

Could Mrs. Boyes have read her husband's mind, there is no telling what she might have done—and have felt perfectly justified in doing. But thought-reading was not one of her accomplishments, nor was she, like the Archdeacon, a student of "physiognomy." Moreover, it had never occurred to her, even

in her dreams, that her husband could have any plans without previously consulting her. She had managed everything for so long, that any independent action on his part would have seemed to her inconceivable, as well as impossible. His mind was full of his sermons, his theology, and his antiquities, she could never induce him to trouble himself with practical matters ; had given up trying, long ago.

Meanwhile, the plan of which she suspected nothing—such is often the fate of autocrats, domestic and other—had begun to take definite form in the mind of Mr. Archdeacon. It appeared so simple, so suitable in every way, that he was quite proud of his own cleverness. It was a new sensation, free from any bitterness ; getting Mrs. Boyes “into a corner”—argumentatively—was all very well ; this was something quite different. The young man promised to turn out all that he had hoped for, and more. Really, it was a plan in every way satisfactory.

How to work it ? that was the question. “My curate,” he mused ; “no—that would not do, too like a deliberate plan to catch him. I have it ; the Dean asked me to find him a curate, if I could—wanted mine. Franklin’s just the man for him ; just the place for Franklin. Hard work will cure his extreme notions.” He had watched Edith while Franklin was preaching ; the success of his pet plan, the very first of his own since Miss Macgregor became Mrs. Boyes, depended on his daughter. He knew that she was peculiarly susceptible to the influence of music, of eloquence, of any kind of enthusiasm. The grey eyes which were, to him, so full of expression, had been fixed on Franklin’s face, every nerve of her being, so he somehow felt, had been swayed by the sound of the young man’s voice. “She will make him human,” thought the Archdeacon ; “it’s all right ; he will forget Rome when he loves Edith.” Undignified, possibly, all this, in a Venerable Archdeacon, but priests, married or unmarried, are only men.

“It’s all wrong,” thought Mrs. Boyes, who had been watching her daughter in the interests of “George” and of her own little plan, of which the Archdeacon suspected more than a little. He had seen “George” in church, and had drawn his own conclusions. Thereby, he had the advantage over Mrs. Boyes, so far. “It’s all wrong,” she thought again ; there had been no need of either thought-reading or of physiognomy to enable her to tell, pretty accurately, what was passing in Edith’s mind. “Most unlucky that he should be here,” she reflected, “he” meaning

Franklin. "She's quite lost her head," she added, irritably, to herself; then again, "Why isn't George a dozen years younger?" which shows that she was not altogether quite so satisfied about the success of her plan, as the Archdeacon was about his.

Service over, that gentleman made his way towards the vestry. "Must introduce myself, he's the son of my old friend, Robert Franklin." This was the first Mrs. Boyes had heard of it; all at once, it flashed upon her, that her husband must have had some special reason for not telling her. That it was simply forgetfulness on his part, she did not believe for a moment. Having a plan of her own about which, as she thought, he knew nothing, she immediately jumped to the conclusion that he was trying to outplan her. His choice of Jericho Plains, his silence about this "son of my old friend," his eagerness to introduce himself, all seemed, to her suspicious mind—all tyrants are suspicious—to indicate a carefully-laid plan on the part of her hitherto submissive husband. That he did not approve of George, she was well aware; "he has something in his mind," she thought; "surely he doesn't mean—well, we shall see." Thereupon, she composed her face to the regulation society expression—or lack of it—of British pattern, for the benefit, or discomfiture, of the very inferior colonials.

There was hardly room for two in the vestry, especially when one of them was so substantial as the Venerable Thomas Boyes. Luckily, Franklin was proportionately thin. The Archdeacon opened the conversation, as was fitting: "How do you do, Mr. Franklin?" he said, cordially. "I knew your father well, at Oxford."

Franklin bowed, and held out his hand. "You must be Archdeacon Boyes," he answered; "I have a letter of introduction to you."

"You don't need it," returned the other, "there is no mistaking your likeness to your father. He was well, I hope, when you left?"

"Very well, sir, thank you."

"Glad to hear it. You'll come to lunch, of course; we shall be delighted to see you."

"I shall be most happy," was the answer.

If by "we" the Archdeacon meant Edith and himself, he was quite right. His plan seemed more promising, the more he thought of it. Edith must, surely, be favourably impressed by this son of his old friend, who certainly fulfilled the description

given, "charming, clever, handsome." As for the young man himself, there was nothing like a good, honest love-affair—so the Archdeacon believed, in spite of his own experience—to cure an enthusiast of hankerings after celibacy, Romanism, and impossible ecclesiastical perfections. Mrs. Boyes was the only obstacle; George Belton he refused to regard as a possible rival to Franklin. "Let the young people settle it themselves," he thought; which was the wisest decision he could possibly come to.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. BOYES HAS HER DOUBTS.

MRS. BOYES felt anything but pleased when her good-natured, impulsive husband, whom she now regarded as an artful concoctor of sweet plans, introduced the good-looking "son of my old friend" to herself and Edith. "He means mischief," she thought; meaning, of course, the Archdeacon. Any opposition to *her* plans must, from the nature of the case, be "mischief;" any difference of opinion, "nonsense," or worse. "He has got some plan in his head," she reflected, still referring to her husband. Then, with feminine disregard of grammar, even in thought, "he is disgracefully good-looking," she admitted, most unwillingly, looking at Franklin; then again, "I wish he would come," in allusion to "George," whom she had invited to lunch.

Still, she looked pleasant, whatever she might feel; and certainly there was a look in Edith's face which tried her sorely. But she owed it to her position, even in the colonies, to be outwardly polite to this most inopportune young man. So she began to "make conversation," if only to keep him from talking to Edith, until George should come, and protect his own interests, which she felt sure he was well able to do against any "boy," however good-looking.

"You are just out from England?" she asked, for want of anything better to say.

"About two months," answered Franklin.

"You intend remaining here?" she continued, wishing him anywhere else.

"For some little time, yes," much to her disgust, which she had some difficulty in not showing. Edith looked interested. "Society usages" had not taught her as yet to hide her feelings

under an expressionless mask. He had quick eyes, this young man, and saw the look, without seeming to see anything. So did Mrs. Boyes. Really, her husband was enough to aggravate a saint. "Why doesn't he come?" she thought again, alluding to George. "He'll spoil it all, if I don't take care," she reflected, almost sadly, looking first at Franklin, and then at Edith.

"We shall be charmed to see more of you," she said, with frigid politeness. "My husband has often spoken of your father." It was hard work, and she had grown out of the habit of exercising patience. This self-possessed, much-too-good-looking young man would be sure to take her at her word, and call on every available excuse—or none at all—would be sure to make himself agreeable to Edith, whatever indifference he might affect at first. Edith was sure to accept his attentions in preference to those of "Cousin George," first, because he was fully fifteen years younger than the Major, secondly, because he was *not* her cousin, thirdly, just because her mother didn't wish her to. Girls were *so* self-willed, so foolish; would always do just the opposite of what was good for them—in the judgment of their mothers, who *must* know best. Edith did not care for Cousin George, and might care for—— It was perfectly plain—this was what her husband meant by his choice of Jericho Plains. The consequences were painfully obvious—unless. "Oh, why doesn't he come?" she thought, vexed out of all politeness. George could manage if any one could; and she had promised George, because—well, because he knew that ugly club-story about her brother Jack—and would do anything if she angered him.

The bell rang; never was its tinkling more sweetly welcome to listening ears. The servant entered the room, and announced "Major Belton."

Mrs. Boyes looked pleased, and tried to look surprised—for her husband's benefit. "Put another place at lunch," she said to the servant, as a matter of course.

The Archdeacon looked surprised, and did not attempt to look pleased; Edith appeared to be indifferent. Franklin took it all in, and drew his own conclusions. "Mother likes him," he thought, "father doesn't, daughter doubtful. Wants to marry daughter, backed by mother." Then, half idly, half seriously, "Good mind to try," he reflected; "Father likes me, mother's afraid of me, daughter indifferent, so far; anyway, I'm younger than the Major, and not her cousin." Mrs. Boyes, could she

have read his thoughts, would only have been confirmed in the conclusions she had already formed. At the same time, she would have been more doubtful as to the ultimate success of her plan, and more angry with her "deceitful" husband than ever.

"My dear George!" the note of surprise was perfect; a little too perfect, the Archdeacon thought, who did not quite believe in these very convenient accidental meetings. Franklin had his doubts too. "Knew he was here all the time," he decided; "artful old lady," which might be Oxonian, but was certainly not a clerical phrase. "I shall certainly try," he said to himself; the half idle determination was all serious now; "too old a boy to marry such a pretty girl. Looks like a hard case." Again his (mental) phraseology was painfully unclerical, however expressive.

"My dear aunt," the Major was always effusive with ladies; his enemies called it gush—sometimes with an unparliamentary adjective prefixed—but that must have been jealousy, for he was a favourite with the fair sex, or at least, with some of them, especially with the more sensible ones.

"My charming cousin"—he bowed to Edith—"I am your most devoted." Edith did not appear to appreciate the devotion as it surely deserved to be. Perhaps she was of opinion that cousins, especially cousins over forty, are no better than brothers.

"What a lovely view, isn't it?" she said, turning to Franklin, and then going to the window at the other end of the room.

"Beautiful," he answered, crossing the room to stand beside her.

The Major looked annoyed; this was more than he had bargained for; in fact, he had fully expected to have everything his own way. Then, recovering himself, pretended not to see what was going on.

"Mr. Archdeacon," he said, quite naturally, "how are you?"

"Very well," drily. The Archdeacon did not like his wife's nephew, who was stout, well preserved, dark-haired, with a high colour, and a waxed moustache, not bad-looking, and, as already said, a great favourite with some women. But still, the Archdeacon did not like him; he had heard things about this gay young bachelor of forty.

Mrs. Boyes may, possibly, have heard things too; but she had a truly feminine, if somewhat old-world belief in masculine

privileges—except in the case of her husband. He, poor man, knew perfectly well the length of his tether, or rather, its exceeding shortness; he was also well aware that nothing which he could say would change her opinion about George. Edith might think herself honoured by his attentions, and be proud to marry him. Not that she put all these ideas into plain speech, even to her husband, with whom she was by no means reticent when put out; but she had said enough to make it plain to him, what she really thought on such subjects.

That he should differ from her, absolutely, would not, he knew well, affect her views; so he avoided any argument as simply useless. But he held to his convictions firmly; and determined that no man with a record like that of George, should win his innocent Edith—if he could prevent it. Better anything, even to a Roman convent.

The lunch bell rang; too soon, certainly, for Franklin, possibly for Edith as well. Not that they had said much to each other, words are not always necessary; but the blue eyes and the grey had apparently already established a very tolerable mutual understanding.

Mrs. Boyes sighed, as one who breathes more freely; then made the first move of the game. "Your arm, Mr. Franklin," she said, with graciousness, a little overdone.

Franklin bowed, and offered his arm, with graciousness to match. He had a deferential, courteous manner to women, old and young, which was one of his chief charms. It served his turn now; Edith was delighted with it; even Mrs. Boyes was mollified by it, ever so little. "Check," he said to himself; he saw through madam's little game of bluff.

"George, your arm to Edith," said Mrs. Boyes, affecting to laugh, as if it were a joke.

The Major stepped forward, with his most bewitching smile, irresistible, in his own estimation. "Allow me the pleasure," he said, as if he meant it.

"Gracious! what ceremony!" laughed the young lady, who shared her father's feelings with regard to the Major. "I am going in on your arm, sir," she said, taking hold of her father. "A cousin doesn't count, you know," she added, by way of making it pleasant for George.

"Nor a father," answered the Major, trying to look as if he enjoyed the joke.

"Check again," thought Franklin, seeing the momentary

vexation in the face of Mrs. Boyes. Then set himself to disarm any suspicions that might have arisen in that lady's mind, which was wise, so far as she was concerned, but, as it seemed, not at all pleasing to Miss Edith. Seeing that Mrs. Boyes had unbent, as her daughter had stiffened, he determined to go on as he had begun—for the present. So he devoted himself to his hostess, seemingly almost unconscious of any one else, and almost succeeded in disarming her suspicions, she being somewhat unaccustomed to so much attention from a young man. Edith, womanlike, was vexed at his apparent neglect of herself, especially after the ocular confidences she fancied they had interchanged at the window of the sitting-room, and showed her vexation by being extra civil to Cousin George. That encouraged Franklin to go on as he had begun; he knew that she was vexed, and why; it was a decided point in the game in his favour. She must be inclined to like him, he thought, or she would not be huffed by his seeming neglect.

Mrs. Boyes saw that Edith was put out, and guessed the reason. Having no reason, as yet, to suspect Franklin of any ulterior motives, she accepted his attentions to herself as a proof of unusual good taste on his part; she even went so far as to consider his indifference to Edith as genuine. It might be folly, or some crazy notion about celibacy, as she would have expressed it; he had been polite to Edith, as he evidently was to all ladies; but he did not care to devote himself to her. She actually began to think that she had been the victim of a false alarm, and grew gracious to an extent which simply astonished her husband and her daughter.

"What a young duffer," thought the Major, beginning to recover his complacency and his confidence in his own powers of fascination; "there's no fear of him." The gallant officer was too sure of mama to have any need of cultivating her; consequently, he did not see what Franklin's object could be in devoting himself to Mrs. Boyes. It was a blunder on the part of a veteran in love, if not in war; but the wisest of us make mistakes at times.

"How rude he is," mused Edith, regretfully; "boys *are* so stupid and so self-conscious," which shows that Franklin was not far out in supposing that she was already inclined to like him, otherwise she would have been indifferent. It might be only her vanity that was wounded; but, then, wounded vanity is as often a proximate cause of love as it is a cure for it.

"No danger, after all, so far," thought Mrs. Boyes, and continued her conversation with an access of graciousness memorable in the annals of the Boyes family. "You were curate to your uncle?" she inquired, with much apparent interest in a subject she was not supposed to care much about.

"Yes," answered Franklin, "at Ilchester, in Southshire."

"A large parish?" Mrs. Boyes hardly knew herself; her husband—like St. Gengulphus—thought she was coming it rather too strong. He wondered what her object could be; wondered, still more, whether Franklin had any object to gain: could he be helping to further his—the Archdeacon's—pet plan? It looked like it, certainly; well, he must wait and see. Poor man, he had been well schooled to patience after twenty years of Mrs. Boyes.

"No, a village," returned Franklin; "about four hundred people. My father is the squire, and my uncle is the rector."

"Quite a family arrangement," said Mrs. Boyes; "do you succeed to the Rectory?"

"I hope to, unless——" Franklin hesitated, not quite sure how to express himself.

"Unless what?" inquired the Archdeacon, joining in the conversation.

"Unless I don't take priest's orders," replied Franklin. "You see," he explained, modestly, "I am my father's only son, and he wants me to marry, and I——" Again he hesitated.

"You don't quite believe in priests marrying," said the Archdeacon, laughing. "Flattering to you and me, my dear," he continued, turning to his wife.

"Very," she answered, uncertain whether to smile or to frown. Celibacy, in her estimation, was a crazy notion—or worse; but celibacy, in the case of Franklin—if he would only stick to it—would just suit her. She would even—in his case—pardon perversion to Rome, so anxious was she to make sure of his not interfering with her plans for Edith and George. Edith's face, at the mention of Franklin's scruples, so pleased her mother, that she decided to smile. Which she did affably.

"You must follow your conscience, without heeding worldly considerations," she said, diplomatically, with the air of one who had herself suffered the loss of all things rather than give up her convictions. In any one else, she would have called such conduct Jesuitical; to herself, in herself, it seemed perfectly natural and altogether justifiable—because it was necessary. To her husband, it was a revelation.

"Dear, dear," he sighed to himself, "I am afraid he will disappoint me, after all."

Having talked his hostess into unsuspecting good-humour, Franklin turned to Edith. "Are you fond of music, Miss Boyes?" he asked, by way of saying something.

"Very," she answered; indifferently, as she thought. Franklin detected vexation under the assumed indifference, and congratulated himself on the success of his tactics. Then she turned to the Major. "When did you come?" she asked, with an interest which would have been flattering had it only been real. Such as it was, he made the most of it.

"On Wednesday," he returned. "I needed a holiday, but never expected *this* pleasure," with an emphasis on "this" which was tender—or absurd, according to the view of the person to whom the speech was made.

"Which?" she inquired, with much innocent surprise.

"The pleasure of seeing *you*." The Major looked languishingly at her, and the emphasis on the personal pronoun sounded like a verbal caress.

She laughed merrily. "What a pretty compliment," she said; "pity it should be wasted."

"Wasted?" he replied, as if he had not understood her. "Why should it be!"

"Because cousins don't count, you know," she retorted, laughing again.

It was cruel to the Major, but that he did not mind, so long as she would allow him to talk to her; in fact, she was really encouraging him, without meaning to do so. Her grey eyes seemed, to him, to be full of most flattering interest in what he was saying. Some eyes possess this faculty; perhaps their owners are not altogether responsible for all that the silent language *seems* to convey to those who understand it—or think they do, which amounts to pretty nearly the same thing.

Strange to say, Miss Edith's encouragement of Cousin George did not, in the very least, discourage the young man so far as she could judge; nor make him miserable, as she was beginning to hope that it would, though she hardly knew why. If he had looked unhappy, she might have pitied him; and yet, even if she had felt pity, she might not have shown it, but have continued the course of treatment, on the chance of its proving effectual. So incomprehensibly, to rude masculine intelligence, are women constituted. A girl may be sorry for her lover, yet

laugh at his misery—possibly to hide her own; may love him in return, yet flirt with some other fellow. She—any she—has been known to give a flower out of the bouquet *he* had given her, to his most hated rival, seemingly from pure cussedness. Truly, it is vain to moralize—especially on what we cannot understand—let us be content to take things as we find them.

Edith almost liked Franklin already, if not quite. She certainly did not like Cousin George; yet she gave her undivided attention to her antipathy, and left her (possible) sympathy out in the cold. And, for all that, Franklin was perfectly satisfied. The truth is, he had already noticed several little things. First, Edith did not really care for the Major; her manner, when they first met, had shown him that much; so she was only playing him off for his—Franklin's—benefit. Secondly, she was annoyed at his own—apparent—want of attention, hence her graciousness to her cousin. Thirdly, the Archdeacon did not like the Major, and took but little pains to conceal the fact, even from that gentleman himself. Mrs. Boyes either liked her nephew or was afraid of him; Franklin could not, as yet, decide which, but she certainly had some reason for being very polite to him. Also, she had been—was still, possibly—inclined to suspect himself as a rival to the gallant officer. Conclusion: he must continue, for the present, his seeming neglect of the young lady—if he could, for he owned to himself that it would be hard work—in order to disarm the incipient suspicions of the old one.

The Archdeacon said grace, and they went out on the verandah.

"Do you smoke?" asked the Archdeacon, turning to Franklin. "You do, if you take after your father, as I remember him."

"I am afraid I do," answered Franklin.

"Nothing to be ashamed of," was the reply; "my wife hates tobacco, so come to my *al fresco* smoking-room," and the Archdeacon led the way, as he spoke, to a huge English willow at the end of the garden. "Now we can talk in comfort," he said, as he lowered his substantial person into a cane-chair of ample dimensions, which creaked, protestingly, beneath his weight as if badly treated.

"Yes, sir," answered Franklin, "there's nothing like a pipe for a quiet talk."

"Nothing like it, indeed," was the rejoinder, in a tone of such

utter contentment that Mrs. Boyes would hardly have recognized her husband's voice. "Now tell me," continued the Archdeacon, when the pipes were well under way, "what do you really feel about taking priest's orders?"

Silence for about a minute. "I hardly know," said Franklin at last, almost as if he were reluctant to speak about the matter. Doubts which are vague in a man's own mind are apt to assume clearer outlines when put into words, or else to appear so faint that he is ashamed to own them.

"Why, what's your trouble?" inquired the older man, kindly.

"I hardly know," answered the young man again; "unless it is——" he paused, as if at a loss how to express himself.

"Unless it is, what?" The Archdeacon's friendly tone, and evident sympathy, invited confidence. "Tell me all about it," he continued, "it will do you good."

"Well, you see," said Franklin, after another pause, during which he puffed at his pipe at short, quick, irregular intervals, "I spent last winter in the South of France."

"I know," was the reply, "and you went to church?"

"Yes," very reluctantly; it seemed to Franklin as if he were confessing an act of treason against his own faith.

"And found warmth, fervour, devotion in the ritual of the great Latin communion?"

"Yes." Just the one word, that was all.

"Especially in the homage paid to the Blessed Virgin?"

"Yes." Franklin could not help wondering how the Archdeacon could understand the matter so fully. He began to feel less reluctant, less ashamed.

"And found Anglicanism cold, by comparison?"

"Yes." It was all that he could answer, but he was honest, at least.

"I know; that was why you preached as you did to-day?"

"Was it a mistake?" asked Franklin, determined to have it out once for all. He had often longed for such an interchange of confidence.

"I think so," was the grave answer; "you gave needless offence to others, without meaning to do so."

"Can we pay her too much honour?" the young man demanded, earnestly. His pipe had gone out, but he did not seem to notice it.

"A difficult question," returned the Archdeacon; "I should say, as a matter of private devotion, no; as a matter of public teaching, yes."

"Why?" was all Franklin could ask.

"Because our branch of the Church Catholic has omitted, purposely, any *public* veneration of the Blessed Virgin, for fear of error. We *may* have gone too far the other way, and lost fervour and warmth in consequence, but there it is, and we cannot change it by individual effort."

"But if every other branch of the Church Catholic venerates our Lady openly, is it not a proof that we *may* not be truly Catholic, if we omit that duty?" inquired Franklin, longing to have the matter set at rest.

"I will ask you another question," returned the Archdeacon. "Which is the more important, devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, or devotion to the Blessed Virgin?"

"To the Blessed Sacrament, of course."

"Then where that is, there is Catholicity," continued the Archdeacon, earnestly; "that is the chief thing, after all."

"And where that is not?" The question seemed, to Franklin, to be forced from him. It was life or death to him now, and he knew it: how, he could not tell.

"Leave that to God," was the answer; "and do your duty."

"And that is?"

"Work," was the reply; "believe me, my boy, there is nothing like active work for setting our doubts at rest. Try it, any way."

"I will." Franklin was not wholly satisfied, and yet—this man who understood his difficulties so fully, must surely know best what was good for him.

"Do you really mean it?"

"Yes, I really do. When can I begin?"

"Leave it to me," answered the Archdeacon, "and I will arrange it for you as soon as possible. Will that do?"

"Thank you, sir, yes; with all my heart;" and Franklin held out his hand.

The Archdeacon shook it cordially. "There now," he said, cheerily, "it's time to join the ladies."

Edith had not at all approved of being slighted, even for the sake of tobacco and a talk with her father. "They might have asked me to join them," she thought, almost bitterly. Cousin George did not smoke; or, if he did, could give up his tobacco to talk to her. But then Cousin George was only himself—which is feminine reasoning—fat, forty, *and* her own cousin. Had she been honest with herself, she would have completed the half-unconscious comparison of *Cousin* George, fat and

forty, with Mr. Franklin, young and handsome. But the comparison remained incomplete and half-unconscious, for the present.

Mrs. Boyes and the Major viewed the matter somewhat differently. Had they exchanged ideas, they would each have expressed relief from a danger, removed temporarily, if not permanently. With a pretty girl, more than a little self-willed, as they thought, and a handsome, strange young man to deal with, they began to feel that they must be thankful for small mercies.

"Won't you play something, Miss Boyes?" asked Franklin, a few minutes after joining the ladies. He was beginning to find neglect irksome to himself. Whether it made her care for him or not, he could hardly tell; but he was becoming aware of the fact that he already cared more for her than he would have believed possible on so short an acquaintance.

"With pleasure," she answered, more cordially than he had any right to expect, after the way he had treated her. Brought up in a bush township, with only occasional glimpses of the world outside, in the form of a tennis-match or a ball at Alnwick, or a few weeks at St. Kilda, she was hardly a match, woman as she was, for this self-possessed, handsome, interesting young man. His eyes sought hers every now and again, and seemed already, though she had only known him a few hours, to move her strangely, and almost against her will. She could not quite understand their silent speech, but she knew, by intuition, as it were, that it was addressed to herself. This, at least, she was sure about; his neglect hurt her, his attention pleased her, and she could not entirely hide, from him or from herself, either the pain or the pleasure. More she could not definitely realize—yet.

"What shall I play?" she asked, sitting down to the piano.

"Do you play Gounod's *Ave Maria*?" he returned, his thoughts still occupied with the subject of his conversation with the Archdeacon.

"My favourite piece," she said, with innocent pleasure, then blushed at her own daring.

"And mine too," he answered, truthfully; and she knew that he meant it. It was a link of union between them already.

She played beautifully, sympathetically—for surely there is sympathy, or the lack of it, in a person's playing, as in different voices, and he listened, lost in dreamy rapture. Under his self-possessed outer nature, for want of a better word, lay hidden

another, impulsive, emotional, impressionable, held in check at ordinary times by a strong, resolute will, but swayed to its very depths by music. She seemed to give utterance, in her playing, to her inmost soul, and his to find in the music a channel of intimate communion with hers. A poetic fancy, or a wild extravagance, according as we understand it or not.

Music was all very well, Mrs. Boyes thought after a time, long to her and the Major, neither of whom could distinguish between one tune and another, all too short to those chiefly concerned. That it was long to Mrs. Boyes, showed that her suspicions were again active ; that it was so short to Edith and to Franklin meant more than either of them could fully realize. Mrs. Boyes moved in her chair ; Franklin heard her, and rose, reluctantly.

"I am afraid I must go," he said, and his eyes expressed more than either his tone or his words.

"Must you?" the unconscious, innocent regret touched him keenly.

"I am afraid I must, but I hope to see you again soon."

"I hope so too."

He turned, and bowed to Mrs. Boyes. "If you will kindly excuse me," he said, "I must go and prepare for Evensong."

"Certainly, Mr. Franklin. Good afternoon." She was barely civil, but she could not help herself.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Boyes," he was as stiff as she was. Then he turned to Edith, and wished her, as warmly as he dared, "Good afternoon."

It was as warmly returned, she having less control over her feelings than he had.

"How pleasant he is, and how clever," she thought. Considering that he had said nothing while she was playing, at all events in words, and that she had only known him a few hours, her conclusions did ample credit to her powers of observation. There might be another explanation of the matter, but it did not occur to her, at the time.

"A very dangerous, forward young man," her mother reflected, her good opinion of him entirely lost before it was fairly formed, and it is quite certain that the Major's would have cordially agreed with hers. Doubtless, from their point of view, he was both ; and they had, probably, more solid reasons in support of their conclusions than Edith could possibly possess. Mrs. Boyes, moreover, felt strongly tempted to give utterance to her opinion ; but, on second thoughts, decided to act instead.

Reviews.

I.—DOM TOSTI'S LIFE OF ST. BENEDICT.¹

It was in every way fitting that the most scientific and satisfactory Life of St. Benedict which has yet been written should have had justice done to it in an adequate English translation. Little as the majority of Englishmen may be disposed to recognize the fact, there is perhaps no country in the world which owes more to St. Benedict than that in which we are living. What is more, the Benedictine tradition has here continued unbroken. That happy combination of piety and scholarship which made the names of Bede and Aldhelm and Alcuin at one period the most famous in Europe, is still conspicuous in those who have inherited through them the rule and habit of their common father. We have none amongst us to whom we are all more pleased to do honour as holding the foremost place in the domain of letters than the prelate who contributes so admirable a Preface to the volume before us, or the historian who has gained the applause of friends and foes alike by vindicating the fair fame of our pre-Reformation monasteries. Dom Tosti himself, writing at Monte Cassino amidst the purest traditions of the Order, seems to look with especial fondness upon those far-off Anglo-Saxon communities from which the seeds of Christianity were borne through Germany and central Europe. Very impressively does he touch upon the developments of St. Augustine's mission, and he seems to do even more than justice to the natural qualities of the race which was, through him, won to Christ. "In England," he says, "the Benedictine Order got blood and nerve from the strong race of the Anglo-Saxons, whose spirit, under the monastic habit, afterwards subjected to the faith and civilization Germany and all the

¹ *St. Benedict: an Historical Discourse on his Life.* By the Right Rev. Abbot Tosti, translated from the Italian with the author's special permission, by the Very Rev. Canon Woods, O.S.B. With a Preface by Bishop Hedley, O.S.B. London: Kegan Paul, 1896.

northern countries of Europe, by that moderation in proposal and perseverance in design which are yet admired in that empire of the extreme East, in vain so ardently desired by Alexander the Great, and to-day ruled over and governed by a British Queen and Empress." The sentence perhaps is one that does not quite show the translator at his best, but it is the keynote in the original to a long and eloquent tribute to the Anglo-Saxon character and to the past glories of our nation.

We shall not attempt to criticize the historical aspects of Abbot Tosti's work. Though sneered at for its acceptance of the miraculous by rationalists like Grützmacher and others, the book has been accepted everywhere by Catholic scholars as one worthy the high reputation of the author of the *Storia della Badia di Monte-Cassino*. There is only one practical question likely to be asked with regard to such a work, and that is about the readableness of the English version in which it is presented. To such an inquiry we can make no fairer answer than by extracting a passage from Canon Woods' translation, long enough to have an interest of its own and to give an idea of the general movement of its style. Here is a purple patch describing the famous episode of Riggo's visit to Monte Cassino disguised in the garments of King Totila :

Benedict was not ignorant of the coming of this company; precursors were not wanting to bring him the news, magnifying all this parade of a warlike King like Totila, who was coming from recent victories gained over the Imperialists in Northern Italy. And perhaps there were some persons, who, having suffered more than others from the rapine and depredations of the Goths, begged the Saint to inspire him with a little compassion, that he might restrain the license of his army. But the man of God, who already by Divine revelation, knew both men and kings, without showing himself the least perturbed, or calling his monks from their usual occupations, stood waiting on the *podio*, which united his cell in the tower with the common dormitory, and engaged in reading, with a book in his hand. And behold among the trees was a flashing of arms, the tramping of horses, the sound of a strange language; and after standing a little on reaching the extreme southern ridge of the mountain, the apocryphal Totila with his retinue approached the tower of the monastery. But he had hardly reached the threshold, when the Saint, with true prophetic instinct, called out from the *podio*, "Put off, my son, put off those garments, they are not thine." Riggo, thunderstruck at the word which came from God, fell flat on his face to the ground together with all his attendants. On rising up, he dared not move a step onwards to

approach the Saint, whom he thought to entangle in a snare, but, turning round, he and his retinue went back to the King, and told him how they had been discovered and seen through by a true prophet.

It is hardly necessary to say that Bishop Hedley's Preface is a suggestive and really helpful introduction to the subject-matter of the volume. Nothing could be better than the few paragraphs there devoted to portraying the qualities of St. Gregory's style as exhibited in his Dialogues. We have noted a certain number of errors of the press, which seem to be rather more plentiful in the Preface than elsewhere, and we may own that the repetition of the heading, "St. Benedict, an Historical Discourse," at the top of every page, strikes us as a little irritating. Surely "an historical discourse," conveys something to an English reader different from the meaning of the Italian *discorso storico*.

2.—MEDITATIONS AND CONTEMPLATIONS OF ST. IGNATIUS.¹

To our mind this is the most satisfactory commentary on the Spiritual Exercises we have yet seen. It is based on a critical and comparative study of the whole text, and is free from those strained and fanciful interpretations which undermine our trust in so many similar undertakings. The Election is rightly viewed as the "final cause" and key to the whole book from the Foundation onwards, from which it derives its unity and coherence. This is not only asserted, but shown. They little understand the Ignatian retreat who regard it as eight days devoted to miscellaneous piety, and see no reason stronger than custom or tradition against twisting it according to their fancy. Father de Hummelauer shows with a certain plausibility that what seems to be due to carelessness in the selection of the mysteries of our Lord's Life and in the disregard of historical order in the points, is not without method and meaning, though in some cases we think it is hard to see it.

¹ *Meditationum et Contemplationum S. Ignatii de Loyola Puncta.* Franciscus de Hummelauer, S.J. Freiburg: Herder, 1896.

3.—EDMUND CAMPION : A BIOGRAPHY.¹

This is a new and revised edition of the late Mr. Simpson's Life of the great English Martyr, the earlier portion of which appeared in the *Rambler* in 1861-62, the later portion being added when the book was first published in 1866. The author admits that Blessed Edmund Campion has had many biographers, and that some reason should be given for telling again a tale so often told. He states that in the course of his researches, he found a quantity of unpublished matter that had never been seen by former biographers, and that in the earliest and most authentic memoirs many points were obscured by phrase-making, misunderstood through ignorance of England, or misrepresented through the one-sidedness of those whose information was depended upon. The work forms part of the Catholic Standard Library, which includes some really valuable and interesting books, such as Father Gasquet's *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*, but we scarcely think that the present volume will add much lustre to this collection, or that it is likely to be a popular work amongst educated Catholics. There is something unsatisfactory about its tone, especially in the later additions, and at almost every page we find some allusion or suggestion which, coming from a Catholic, strangely jars upon our ears. The Martyr, for instance, is spoken of throughout as "Campion," and although he had not been formally beatified at the time when the work was first written, it seems strange that when a new edition is brought out, no reference whatever should be made to the fact that the Holy See some years ago included him amongst the fifty-four Martyrs of England who were solemnly beatified. Every attempt too, is made to clear the character of Elizabeth from the charge of cruelty or persecution, and she is represented as really having little to do with the sufferings and death of the Martyr, being practically, it is suggested, in the hands of her Council and ruled by the Puritans. This is a new version altogether, and we incline to think that if it were correct, the history of this country would still have to be written. In addition to this, the author at almost every page practically admits that the Government were in a great measure justified in shedding the blood of the Martyrs, and endeavours

¹ *Edmund Campion. A Biography.* By Richard Simpson. New Edition. London : John Hodges, Bedford Street, Strand.

to make out that many of these were engaged in a treasonable conspiracy against the State. He is especially severe upon Father Parsons, nor do the Popes, Paul III. and St. Pius V., escape his censures. Dr. Allen also is constantly blamed, and one of his publications is described as "a product of a kind of English Fenianism." The following is a good example of the extraordinary confusion of thought into which Mr. Simpson allowed himself to fall, and will enable the reader to judge how far he was qualified to be a censor of Popes, Saints, and Confessors, or to write the history of the times in which they lived.

If Henry VIII. and Elizabeth had been treated with the same delicacy and circumspection that Lewis XIV. experienced, the end might have been very different to what it was; and if Lewis had been treated like Henry VIII., the most Christian King would probably have proved as bad a churchman as the Defender of the Faith.

To any one who has the slightest acquaintance with history, or the totally different characters and behaviour of these two monarchs, and the circumstances of the times in which they respectively lived, it is surely unnecessary to point out the inaptness of this attempted contrast. Louis XIV., whatever may have been his failings, was a devout Catholic, who never had the slightest intention of separating either himself or his kingdom from the Unity of the Church, whilst Henry VIII. and his daughter were open and avowed enemies and persecutors of the Faith. Moreover, as Mr. Simpson admits, it was not until long after the Queen had refused to receive the Papal Legates, first Parpalia and then Martinengo, and had openly broken with the Holy See, and forcibly established a schismatic and heretical body in the place of the ancient English Church, that St. Pius V. issued his celebrated Bull. Even this latter was suspended in its operation, on the departure of the English missionaries for their native land, so as to allow of all who desired to do so, continuing in their allegiance to Elizabeth. The deposing power of the Holy See was generally held in the middle ages, and St. Pius V., in acting upon it, was only following in the footsteps of a long line of illustrious Pontiffs and Confessors, such as St. Gregory VII., Innocent III., Boniface VIII., and others, who had used it on occasions with the happiest results. Speaking of some of the earlier Martyrs under Elizabeth, Mr. Simpson writes as follows:

He [Blessed Edmund Campion] went to England fully impressed with the certainty of his fate. This presentiment was unreasonable, if

Campion only considered what had taken place in England, where, among the bishops and priests and laymen who had died in prison or beneath the gallows, not more than one or two had as yet suffered for religion alone. The murder of Dr. Storey was to satisfy an old grudge; Felton was hanged for pasting up Pius V.'s Bull on the Bishop of London's gates; Thomas Woodhouse, hanged in 1573, was so forward in anathematizing the Queen's supremacy, that Burghley considered him mad, and only had him hanged to be rid of his importunity; Cuthbert Maine, Campion's pupil at Douai, was murdered, ostensibly for being in possession of a document which the English judges chose to call a Bull, but really in order to enable them to convict in a *præmunire*, certain gentlemen who had harboured him, and to enrich one of the Queen's cousins with the estates of a Mr. Tregian; Nelson was hanged in 1578 for saying that the Queen was a heretic and schismatic—expressions which had a terrible meaning to princes with insecure titles in days when it was almost of faith that no schismatic or heretic had any civil rights at all, much less the right to rule over Catholics. The case of Sherwood was similar.

None of these men were apparently martyrs at all, or even confessors, in the eyes of the author, yet we presume even he would scarcely have denied that they could one and all have saved their lives, and attained honour and opulence in this world, if only they would have consented either before or after trial, to conform to the Established Church. As they, however, have one and all been solemnly beatified by the Holy See, it becomes needless for us to pursue the subject any further. We have said enough to show our readers what were Mr. Simpson's opinions of the men who gave their lives for the Catholic religion in the days of Elizabeth, and how far he can be considered as a suitable biographer for one of the most illustrious of them. We read with regret that the present edition is reprinted from a copy corrected by the learned author before his death, and only hope that he would not have reprinted the work had he lived to witness the solemn pronouncement of the Holy See upon those about whom he wrote so lightly. We fail to discover what possible justification there can be for republishing such a book in its present form, or what claim it can have to form part of the Catholic Standard Library. Its erudition is indeed remarkable, and it furnishes much material which no future biographer can afford to neglect. It is therefore to be wished that a competent editor should take it in hand and produce a thoroughly sound and critical edition, as was, we believe, projected by the lamented Father Morris. But to

reprint the work practically unchanged, with all its blemishes, is a very different thing, and we do not think that any good is likely to result from such a proceeding.

4.—FROM HELL TO HEAVEN.¹

Under this somewhat original title, the Rev. Father DeWe, of the Institute of Charity, has recently published a series of brief and practical sermons, seventeen in number, which differ in character considerably from the average of English pulpit discourses. They are plain and simple in their language, though in more than one instance rising to a pitch of eloquence and vigour, which cannot fail to attract the attention of the reader. The following passage from the sermon on the General judgment, is undoubtedly striking.

Nature herself, restless and uneasy, wild beasts, forgetful of their prey, moaning as though in instinctive prospect of some impending danger; the very birds flying swiftly through the air, as though to escape the pursuit of some dread and awful presence. From Continent, from prairie-land, from highest mountain-tops, and in the deepest, darkest valley, a thousand mysterious voices strike the soul with terror; thick clouds, riding fiercely over the lurid sky, curtains of lurid light spreading their fierce substance between heaven and earth; loud thunder pealing through the myriad vaults of heaven, and calling forth a fearful, heavy sound from the innermost caverns and rocky recesses of earth. Out at mid-ocean, black darkness, darker than the darkest night, reigns supreme; mountain billows tearing madly up and down, beating, buffeting each other, at times united in some sunken hollow, then with resistless might towering up on high. On land, men with their blood frozen in their veins for very terror, trouble gliding into every heart, pale fear blanching every cheek; the earth staggering and reeling like a drunken man, towers and steeples tottering from right to left, moving their bells in ominous peals; yawning chasms belching forth flames of fire and sulphurous smoke, nameless phantoms gliding through the air, and shrieks and cries and muffled groans that strike cold terror into the marrow of one's inmost being. And then, a wall of fire, with furious, devouring flames, reaching from earth to sky, scouring the remotest parts of earth, consuming into crumbling dust the noblest buildings of earth, strikes dead the trembling denizens of earth. From four great trumpet-blasts, borne upon angelic hands, rings forth to north and south, east and west, the final summons, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment."

¹ *From Hell to Heaven.* By the Rev. J. A. Dewe. London: D. Lane, 310, Strand.

This passage will give the reader a good idea of Father Dewe's style. We have not too many volumes of sermons in English as it is, and this, we have no hesitation in saying, is a notable addition. There is, however, no *imprimatur* for the work, and we notice that none of the sermons have any text. There is, of course, no necessity for this latter, but it is a very ancient custom in the Church, and something seems to be missing when it is omitted. The subjects treated of include "Justice," "The General Judgment," "The Incarnation," "The Last Supper," "The Will of God," "The Church," "The Two Standards," "Love of God," "Love of our Neighbour," &c.

5.—ST. ANSELM OF CANTERBURY.¹

This is a graphic and well-written history of the great Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom England owes so much, and whom, with perhaps the exception of our illustrious martyr, St. Thomas à Becket, the Catholics of this country have ever considered as the greatest prelate who has filled the primatial see. It is written by one who, from his deep veneration for the character of the saintly Archbishop, and his acquaintance with the history of those times, is well qualified to describe the noble struggles which St. Anselm waged for the freedom and independence of the Church of God, and the undoubted success which crowned his efforts in the end. Mr. Rigg begins with a brief and succinct account of the condition of the Church during the ninth and tenth centuries, of which he draws a sad and sombre picture. This is acknowledged to be perhaps the darkest period in her whole history by all Catholic writers, but we are inclined to think that Mr. Rigg has exaggerated the condition of affairs when he describes it in the following terms :

Under the nominal sway of a succession of feeble or ferocious, dissolute or rapacious puppet-Pontiffs, foes hardly less formidable than the Saracen or the Magyar, occupied and desolated the Holy City. Her annals during this period present a motley pageant of license, sedition, anarchy, civil strife, culminating from time to time in the domination of some Master of the Robes to one of the said puppets. . . . The clergy, regular and secular alike, and almost without distinction of rank or rule, were tainted with simony, and sunk in sloth and licentiousness.

¹ *St. Anselm of Canterbury.* A Chapter in the History of Religion. By J. M. Rigg, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London : Methuen and Co., 36, Essex Street, Strand.

It was indeed an hour when the Master seemed to be sleeping, but such indiscriminate censure of the whole Catholic community, even at such a period as that in question, is surely exaggerated, especially when he goes on to say that—

The Tusculan dynasty which followed ruled at best as secular princes, at worst as licentious and ferocious despots. The only possible exception would be Benedict VIII., who made some faint and ineffective tentatives towards reform.

This is hardly the way to refer to a Pontiff who died in the odour of sanctity. Mr. Rigg proceeds to charge the whole blame for this unhappy state of things upon the feudal system, which, he maintains, virtually incorporated the hierarchy into itself, and practically secularized it. We agree, at any rate, with him in thinking that—

As long as the right of granting investiture of sees and benefices remained with the laity, it was not in human nature that the grant should ordinarily be made without what lawyers term a consideration ; or, the usual practice once established, that the clergy should retain unimpaired either their ideal of sanctity, or their sense of independence.

An interesting account is given of the celebrated Abbey of Ste. Marie du Bec, near Rouen, which was dedicated by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, on October 23, 1077, and of the constitution and rule of life of the monks in those days, under Anselm, who became the successor of Lanfranc as Abbot. We next have the dramatic scene of the Saint's forcible investiture of the see of Canterbury by William Rufus, then apparently on his death-bed. A long and graphic description of St. Anselm as Primate of all England, and the continuous struggle between William Rufus and himself for the independence of the Church, occupies the remainder of the work, and is interspersed with many extracts from his writings, both in prose and verse. After a weary and protracted contest with the King and his successor, Henry I., Anselm's noble efforts were at length crowned with success. The right of investiture, so inconsistent with the supremacy of the Pope, and the Divinely constituted authority and jurisdiction of the Episcopate, was formally renounced by the King, and peace was once more restored to the Church—

By the Concordat thus ratified and sealed, and which governed, so far as law could govern, the collation of ecclesiastical offices, the Church, for all that has been written to the contrary, was a substantial

gainer. . . . The true measure of her gain, is the magnitude of the evil which she averted, and that was nothing less than the total forfeiture of her existence as a spiritual power. Thus the victory rested with her, and that victory was emphatically won by Anselm. It is no disparagement of either Urban or Paschal, whose energies were absorbed by the mightier and more momentous contest with the Emperor, to say that but for the indomitable tenacity with which, through fourteen years of persecution, exile, isolation, he maintained their standard in the north, the twelfth century would have seen the Church in England effectually reduced to the position of a royal peculiar, and the spiritual heritage of our race squandered on the minions of a feudal court.

As we have already said, the condition of religion during the eighth and ninth centuries is described in what appears to us to be far too sombre a light, and we cannot approve of the terms in which the saintly Benedict VIII. is referred to. But the Life of St. Anselm himself, and the description of the noble and enduring stand which he made for the freedom and independence of the Church against the tyranny and vexatious interference of one of the worst Kings who ever sat upon the throne of England, is worthy of all praise.

Taking it as a whole, the book is one which may be read with profit and pleasure. It is the life of a great English Saint, and an illustrious Archbishop, who confessed a good confession before many witnesses, and whose work and writings will last to the end of time. It is, moreover, an interesting and instructive chapter in the history of our own country.

6.—THE WATCHES OF THE PASSION.¹

The cordial acceptance which *The Watches of the Passion* has everywhere met with, must be very gratifying to its venerable author. Two large editions having already been disposed of, the Art and Book Company have now issued a third at a price which places the work within the reach of almost all. Spiritual books in this country are for the most part expensive luxuries, but no one can complain that in the two stout volumes now offered for six shillings, purchasers are not receiving the full value of their money. The new edition appears most opportunely in good time for Lent.

¹ *The Watches of the Sacred Passion.* By Father P. Gallwey, S.J. London: Art and Book Company, 1896.

7.—AMERICAN CATHOLIC FICTION.¹

Horace has recorded his judgment that the purpose which the gods had in view when they separated land from land, has been altogether frustrated by the audacity of our race, in the invention of navigation, and again that they who rush across the sea change their environment but not their minds. It is hazardous to differ from the prince of critics whose maxims are the heritage of all time, but we have opportunities for judging which he had not, and our experience is altogether at variance with his *dictum*. Though we have constructed a floating bridge across the Atlantic, bringing New York nearer to London than Athens was to Rome in the time of Augustus, far from obliterating distinctions of race, we have but made it more and more manifest that men of our own stock transplanted to another clime change their qualities and character as surely as do our fruits and flowers, through some subtle alchemy of the soil on which they are set.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the field of literature ; it is as impossible to mistake what is produced in one hemisphere for the product of the other, as to suppose that a Newtown pippin grew in an English orchard, or that an American Stilton was pressed in a Huntingdonshire dairy. The volume before us is recognized at a glance as Transatlantic, not only as to its cover, whereon figures the bird of freedom nestling amidst stars and stripes, but still more markedly as to its contents. In the first place it would be quite impossible to find in the Old World so many English-speaking Catholic novelists, representative or otherwise, as are here presented to us, and it is obvious that in the great Republic Catholic literature experiences, like other things, the exhilarating stimulus of a virgin soil. Eleven writers contribute to this intellectual feast, the work of some of whom we have lately had the pleasure of commending to our readers. Besides a story from each of these, we have likewise his or her portrait, excellently reproduced, and a two-page biography, printed for distinction sake in brown.

It is, however, when we turn to the stories themselves that we find the native flavour that most clearly indicates their origin. One, for example, is entitled "How Perseus became a Star."² In our old-world simplicity we naturally think of the hero who slew the Gorgon and rescued Andromeda, and of the constellation

¹ *A Round Table of the Representative Catholic Novelists, at which is served a feast of excellent Stories.* Benziger Brothers, 1897.

² By Maurice Francis Egan.

wherein he was immortalized, and expect to be regaled with one of these reconstructions of ancient myth and legend, which various scholars are in the habit of producing for the benefit of the young. We find instead that the hero in question is the Hon. Perseus G. Mahaffy, known as the Fixed Star of Golung Creek, on account of his philippics as Member of Congress for Cone City. Again the element of politics is constantly introduced, not, as it might be in an English novel, to introduce some stirring episode, but as the normal atmosphere of life, the necessity for so living as to capture the greatest number of votes being accepted as a first principle by the various men of the world presented to our notice, so that not only are religious professions largely shaped according to this paramount duty, but even men's relations to the whiskey bottle.

The stories set before us vary, of course, to a considerable extent in merit, and, though all are very readable and contain an excellent moral, it may be doubted whether the writers are seen at their best in such miniature efforts. A short story has peculiar difficulties of its own. It requires a plot as much as does a three volume novel, and there is far less opportunity of making this work itself out in a natural manner when it has perforce to be denuded of all trappings and disguises. Consequently we find violent methods much in favour. Sydney Smith once suggested that Horace's counsel about not introducing a God except in the last extremity, to secure a desired *dénouement*, should be extended to the introduction of a fever. But here we find various maladies habitually serving as the turning point of different tales; in one case it is pneumonia, in another diphtheria, in another delirium, in another leprosy, in another a mysterious mental seizure, in another a fatal stroke. This would not be so noticeable if the stories appeared separately, or even in a collection of those proceeding from the same pen, for in such a case the author would be obliged to vary his methods. Accordingly it seems to us that such a mode of presenting samples to the public is not altogether a happy one, and does not do justice to a school of writers from whom so much is to be expected. The influence of works of fiction is in our days extremely great, and we heartily congratulate our fellow Catholics of America on having raised such a crop of sound and healthy literature, for were there not a large demand there would not be such a supply. It is most satisfactory to learn that of five books of the kind published within the last three months,

one of which is the "Round Table,"¹ a second edition has already been called for, and this although the non-Catholic press, quite in accordance with old world traditions, steadily pursues in their regard a policy of masterly inactivity, totally ignoring their existence.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THIS² is a book not quite suited for children, but wholesome reading for men and women who need to know the world as it is. The *Lower Life* in question is life on 'Change; and its debasing and demoralizing influence is brought out clearly and forcibly. Although to some extent written with a purpose, yet as a novel we found it altogether readable and interesting.

The volume of *Nature Notes* for 1896 is of unusual interest, and fully bears out what we have remarked on previous occasions as to the continuous improvement observable in this excellent magazine. Perhaps its most admirable feature is its moderation and common sense. Established expressly to advocate the cause of dumb creatures, and to withstand the wanton injuries too often perpetrated for the sake of fashion or under the specious plea of "collecting," the organ of the Selborne Society steadily refuses to countenance the extravagances of those who style themselves "zoophilists," and exhibits scant sympathy for the feeble sentimentalism which serves them instead of argument. An excellent article, in the December number, from the pen of the Editor, treats this subject with much force and lucidity, under the title "The Falsehood of Extremes." Elsewhere we meet with an amusing illustration of the same point. A gentleman proudly writes to relate how, having seen a snake seize a toad (which from the description must have been a frog), he promptly killed the aggressor and rescued the intended victim. Thereupon another correspondent asks why he should have done so. The snake was of the harmless garden species, and

¹ The others are, *Mr. Billy Buttons*, by Walter Lecky; *Passing Shadows*, by Anthony Yorke; *A Woman of Fortune*, by Christian Reid; *The Vocation of Edward Conway*, by M. F. Egan.

² *The Lower Life*. By Francis Gribble. London: Innes and Co, 1896.

was engaged in obtaining its dinner in the manner natural to it. The frog had doubtless shortly before been similarly devouring slugs or insects. Should he have been similarly immolated for their protection? Humanitarian principles exemplified in such a fashion would speedily introduce a reign of terror such as that which a century since accompanied the proclamation of the rights of man.

It is quite impossible to do justice to the various topics treated in these Notes, which are of the most varied character, and in which all will find something to instruct and interest them—who have any sympathy with Nature. We can only advise our readers to subscribe to the magazine, or still better, to join the Selborne Society.

The January number of *Knowledge* has a very interesting sketch of the Science of Queen Victoria's reign, in which is told a tale that, however indubitable, seems scarcely credible. Setting aside the more speculative branches of human activity, how is it possible for us to realize that when our present Sovereign ascended the throne not one of our great railways was completed, no vessel had yet steamed across the Atlantic, there was no penny post, no book post, no system of parcels delivery, no electric telegraph, and practically no means of transporting man, merchandize, or message quicker than a horse could take them? There is an interesting article on the recent earthquake, by Professor J. Logan Lobley, and some extremely instructive hints, by Mr. Fred. Enock, on describing and drawing insects, which may be strongly commended to the attention of young entomologists.

Catholic Truth Society Publications.—Though least in bulk, by far the most important of the Society's recent publications is the leaflet¹ reproducing the late manifesto of our Bishops on the Education Question. This is recognized on all hands as the ablest and most effective contribution to the all-important controversy with which it deals, and must serve to enhance in no slight degree the confidence and gratitude wherewith the faithful regard the pastors to whom is entrusted their spiritual guardianship. But a document so conspicuous for its reasonableness and common sense should be spread broadcast by every means in our power amongst our non-Catholic countrymen, who to so large an extent require to be educated in this matter, so as to understand, as they too often do not, the simple

¹ 1s. per 100.

justice of our claims. The Catholic Truth Society has once more exhibited its quick appreciation of what is needed at the moment by supplying the means of doing this.

The *Thanes of Kent*, by C. M. Home,¹ is appropriately dedicated to the great Apostles of England, St. Gregory and St. Augustine, on occasion of the approaching thirteenth centenary of the conversion of King Ethelbert of Kent and his people, the first-fruits of our Saxon forefathers. Around this supremely important event is woven a story, well told in spite of the proverbial difficulties inseparable from a period so remote, and it is evident that much care has been expended in making the picture of both Rome and England at the close of the sixth century as accurate as possible.

The re-issue of Lady Herbert's *Wayside Tales*, in penny numbers, goes on apace, *Emily's Conversion*, *The Story of Mary, Moothoosawny*, *A Martyr to Silence*, and *Forgiveness of Injuries*, being now added to the list.

In *The Bull on Anglican Orders*,² Father Sydney Smith once more treats the subject in regard of which it appears to be so difficult for our Anglican friends to understand the broad principles which are instinctively recognized by every Catholic. The difficulty appears to be occasioned in great measure by their unwillingness to consider what we have to say on the subject, and by the extreme confusion of thought which non-Catholic theology invariably begets. If we could but reach them, and set the case before them as we see it, it is hardly conceivable that they could continue to remain satisfied with the crude and baseless assertions which do duty for argument on the other side. But a conspiracy of silence is hard to counteract, and while it is maintained, it is necessary to continue hammering away at points which might otherwise be considered to be done with for ever.

A Duchess of York's reasons for becoming a Catholic, is a reprint of the document in which Anne Hyde, the first wife of James II., explained to her father, the celebrated Earl of Clarendon, her motives for changing her faith. There is a simplicity and directness about seventeenth century writing which is not easily imitated now, and quite apart from the distinguished position of the convert, her words are eminently calculated to persuade. The leaflet in which they are reproduced is designed for distribution.³

¹ 2s. 6d.² One Penny.³ 1s. per hundred.

II.—SOME ARTICLES IN FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

The CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (January 2, 1897.)

The Condemnation of Anglican Orders (concluding Article).
German Psychology in Modern Education.

—— (January 16). The Litany of Loreto.

The ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (New Bi-monthly Series.) Jan. 5.

Pope Leo XIII.'s *Carmen Sæculare* (original text and metrical version). The Development of Christian Doctrine. *Father Bainvel, S.J.* Mr. Gladstone as a Theologian (a study of his "Butler"). *Father Brémond, S.J.*

—— (January 20). "Diana Vaughan." *Father Portalie, S.J.*
Trochu's Memoirs. *Father Chérot, S.J.*

STIMMEN AUS MARIA-LAACH.

B. Peter Canisius. *Father Braunsberger, S.J.* The Wages Question. *Father Pesch, S.J.* The Value of Africa. *Father Schwarz, S.J.*

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. (1st Quarter, 1897.)

Professor Friedrich on the Papal Documents relating to Thessalonika. *R. von Nostitz Rieneck.* The Form of Consecration of the Eucharist. *E. Lingens, S.J.* The Meaning of the Twenty-second Canon of the Sixth Session of the Council of Trent. *A. Straub, S.J.* Reviews, Notices, &c.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (January.)

Papal Letter to Dom Germain Morin. Two Little Sermons of a Bishop Petronius of the Fifth Century. *Dom G. Morin.* The Venerable John Roberts, XII. *Dom Bede Camm.* Review of Works on Benedictine History. *Dom H. Berlière.* St. Anselm on the Aventine. *R. C. A.* Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (January.)

The Reformation and the Religious Orders in Prussia. *Dr. Joseph Kolberg.* Two English Dominicanesses. *Dr. A. Bellesheim.* The Islands of the Blessed, *C. M. Kaufmann.* The Scholastic Doctrine of Contrition. *Dr. J. Mausbach.* The Deluge and Semitic Tradition. *Dr. J. Rieber.* Reviews, &c.

STUDIEN UND MITTHEILUNGEN. (Part IV., 1896.)

Gillon le Muisi. *Dr. P. Wagner.* Greek Martyrologies. *Dom I. Veith.* John Nibling, Prior of Ebrach. *Dr. P. Wittmann.* Scholæ Benedictinæ. *Dom G. Willems.* The Cistercians at Table. *L. Dolberg.* Reviews, &c.

